

# SPORT

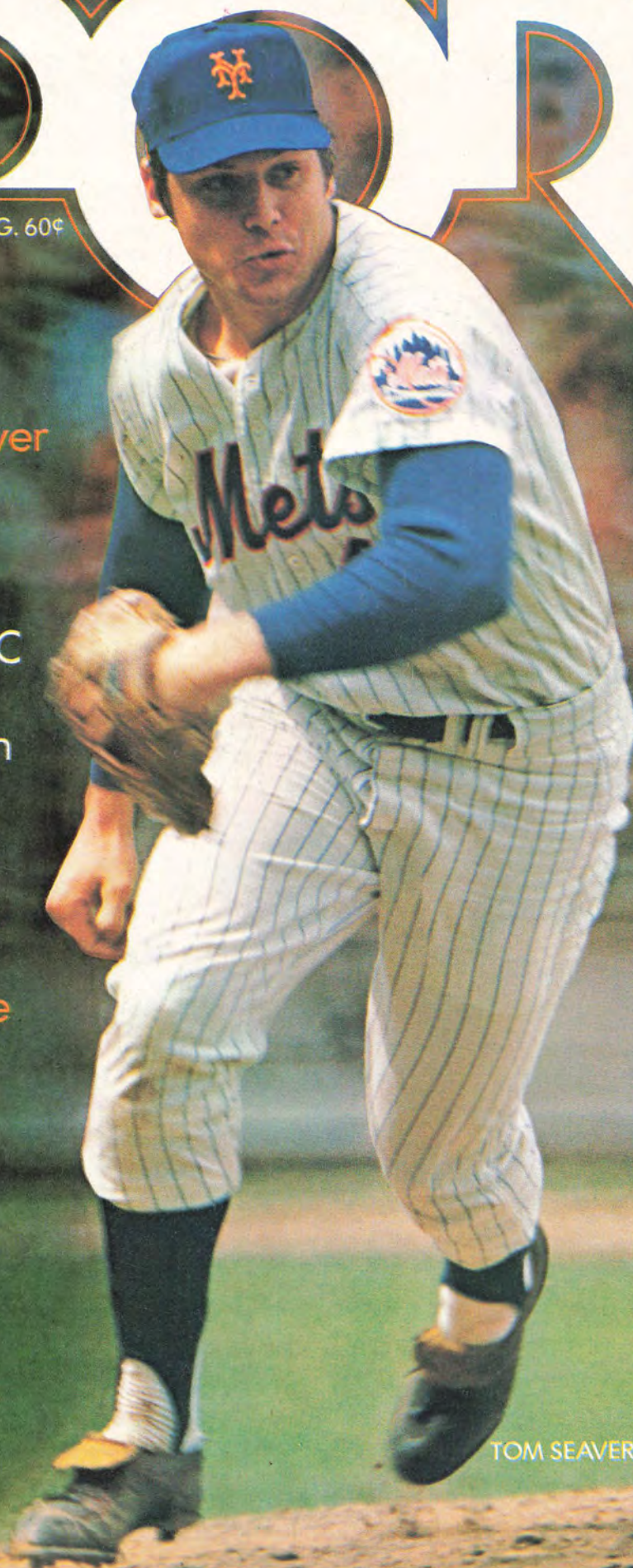
AUG. 60¢

The Real Tom Seaver  
By Bud Harrelson

The End of Free  
Sports On TV?  
A Warning By FCC  
Commissioner  
Nicholas Johnson

"The Middle  
Linebacker I Fear  
The Most": 26 NFL  
Quarterbacks  
Make Their Choice

SPORT Special:  
Lee May,  
The Man Behind  
The Astros' Surge  
The Wheelings  
And Dealings Of  
A Player Agent



TOM SEAVER



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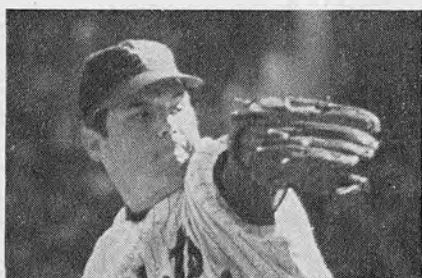
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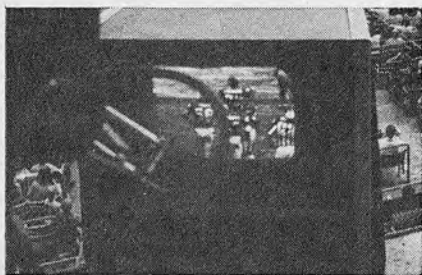
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# SPORT

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**Tom Seaver** DAN BALIOTTI and BOB RUSH



# Is there a pump action shotgun that actually helps you stay on target? Shot after shot?

**Yes. The Remington Model 870 "Wingmaster" is designed to do just that. Here's how and why.**

Hunters don't always have a chance to get set for a shot. If a covey flushes without warning or the ducks suddenly veer from the decoys, the hunter has to go into action fast. That's when proper shooting techniques pay off.

A good hunter should practice shouldering his shotgun until getting it into position becomes a reflex. Always bring the stock to your cheek, as shown in the photo below, rather than your cheek to the stock. Keep it high enough on your shoulder so it isn't necessary to strain your neck muscles getting a good sight picture.



It's a good idea to wear your regular hunting clothes when you practice, especially if your jacket is thick or bulky. Then you'll be sure your shotgun "fits" properly when you're out in the field. And if it's a Model 870, you'll find it's balanced to swing smoothly and point fast.

So much for the first shot. But what happens if you have a chance for a double, or the bird you miss is still in range? That's when the 870's pump action comes to your aid.

Here's a tip from Remington experts. Recoil tends to force a barrel up and back. The 870's pump action actually lets you make use of this force to help bring the fore-end back to eject the hull. Then the forward motion of your hand, which chambers the next shell, helps you bring the gun back on target, ready to shoot, with no wasted time. Thus, your natural reactions to recoil help keep your shotgun under constant control... to help you get set for that second shot as quickly as possible.

What's more, the Model 870 has two separate action bars—one attached to each side of the fore-end—that let you pump

it much more smoothly, shot after shot, without twisting or binding the action. That's double insurance it will feed and eject properly under all shooting conditions.

If you have any doubts about the dependability or handling of the 870, visit any trap field and you'll find it's a favorite with trapshooters everywhere. Remember, a trapshooter can fire four or five thousand shells a year, or more—and he wants a gun that can take it. No wonder the Model 870 is the leader in the pump action field.

Another advantage of the 870

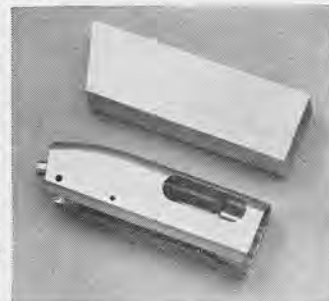
is that it is made in five gauges and has interchangeable barrels (within gauge and chamber length) with different choke and barrel-length combinations to suit different types of hunting. You can change the barrels yourself. In 12 gauge alone, you can choose from 21 different barrel-length and choke combinations.

If you hunt game that requires long shots, take a look at the Model 870, 20 and 12 gauge magnum models. They can shoot all 3" magnum shotgun shells, 2¾" magnum and high- and low-base shells, giving you a large selection of different loads.

This year we've brought out three new Model 870's; a 20 gauge lightweight in standard or magnum; and a special high-grade "All-American" Trap Gun.

We also have a regular left-hand model for southpaw shooters in 12 and 20 gauges. Right-hand Model 870 prices start at \$124.95\*. So if you're looking for a dependable fast-handling pump that's adaptable to different kinds of game, be sure to look at the 870. Better yet, handle one and use either Remington or Peters ammunition to make sure you get the most out of it. Our patented "Power Piston" one-piece wad helps put up to 10% more shot in the pattern compared to old-style wads.

Remington Reports are based on information supplied by "Remington-Peters" experts. If you'd like a free copy of our 1972 catalog, send a postcard to: Remington Arms Co., Inc., Dept. 501, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602.



Each receiver is machined from a solid piece of steel giving the 870 extra strength to handle powerful magnum loads. A solid steel block with the first few cuts is shown at the top; a finished receiver is on the bottom.



Model 870.

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# AUGUST THIS MONTH IN SPORT



**DAVE BRADY**

Which newspaper in our country has the best sports section? We'll be bold and proclaim the Washington Post the winner. In addition to the large number of its pages devoted to sports, the Post more than any other paper (save perhaps for the Los Angeles Times) covers sports on a truly national basis. It was the first newspaper, for instance, to have one of its reporters cover a pro football game of the week, an innovation later picked up by many other newspapers. The man who did that job originally for the Post, back in 1958, was Dave Brady, who is a very good reason why the Post has such an esteemed sports section.

Dave has been with the Post for 25 years. Before that he worked ten years for a Camden, New Jersey, newspaper. He can, we suppose, be characterized as a veteran newspaperman, but that

would be doing him a disservice. A veteran newspaperman, more often than not, is one who has become set in his ways, who is willing to accept at face value the handouts and other garbage given him by teams and individuals who are trying to protect their image and not necessarily to spread the truth. Dave Brady, today, seeks the truth, and therefore remains young at heart.

Back in 1968, when too many of our young men were being killed in Vietnam, Dave thought it proper to find out why so few professional football players were not serving in the Army. He sought cooperation from each NFL team. He got none. So Dave went out and did it himself. Taking the Redskins, the team he was now covering, he painstakingly called each player's draft board to find out his draft status. His subsequent story, fair but revealing, was acclaimed by fellow journalists.

Here's the kind of a guy Dave is. He has covered the Redskins for the last eight years and when we asked him, in our blessed naivete, if the Skins were his favorite team, he cringed but gently explained to us as if we were part of a high school journalism class (serves us right) that a journalist held no such alignments. He did allow, however, that his favorite Redskin coach of recent years was not Vince Lombardi, nor George Allen, but Bill McPeak. "He was a class guy personally," Dave said, "no BS with him."

If there is anything in the world Dave Brady abhors it is BS. You will find none in his remarkable reporting effort in this issue. Go out sometime and try to contact 26 NFL quarterbacks, the prima donnas of pro football, then ask them to tell which middle linebacker they fear the most. Dave did, and got them all to say something. That's what reporting is all about. That's why Dave Brady walks young today.

Walk young next month with our big special Olympic section, previewing the men and women most likely to hit gold. . . . Plus Mickey Lolich, Frank Robinson and the pro football players' 1972 predictions.

*Al Silverman*

# SPORT



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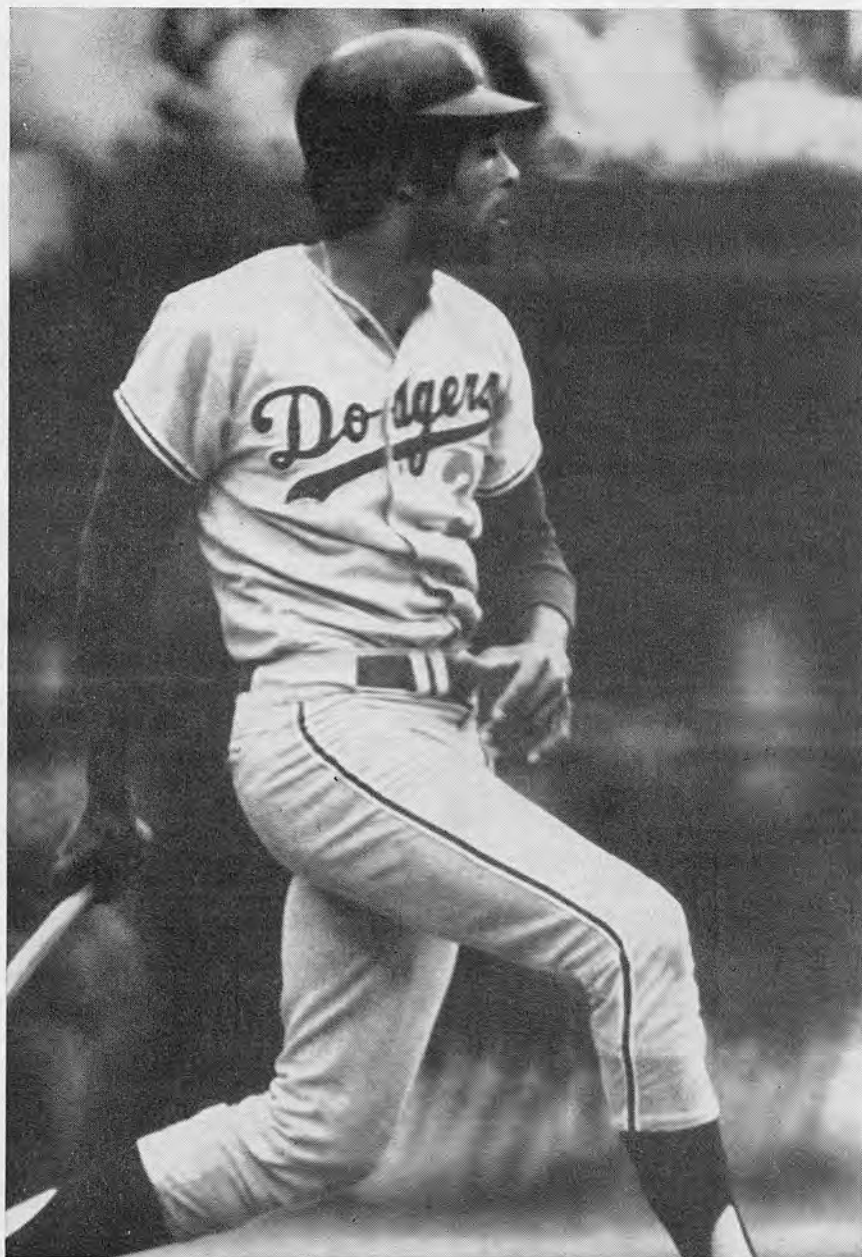
19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.





# SPORT TALK

BY DON KOWET



L.A.'s Willie Davis became a Buddhist—and his batting average fell 52 points.

## NAM-MYOHO-RENGE-KYO

Times have changed, yes they have. Once professional sports was a showcase for normality. Our heroes survived on a spartan diet of Wheaties for breakfast; politics was whether a hitter bunted or swung away; psychology was screaming epithets at the opposing pitcher from the dugout steps; ethics was running off the mound to commiserate with the batter you had intentionally beamed; religion was—winning.

And then Jackie Robinson broke the color bar, Jimmy Piersall transcended the fantasy-bar—and Bo Belinsky's escapades made the public aware that ballplayers are not unfamiliar with that tangible bar on which an elbow rests supporting a glassful of hard liquor.

Gradually our heroes trudged down from Mt. Olympus. Tommie Smith's raised fist at the '68 Olympics struck a blow at the Vince Lombardi in all of us. Ali, Jabbar and others were converted to Islam. And now sports has its first native-born American Buddhist—Willie Davis of the Los Angeles Dodgers. Imagine Carl Furillo, Pee Wee Reese or Preacher Roe trying to deal with this:

*"Nam-myoho-renge-kyo!"*

The Dodgers, say, are facing Bob Gibson and the St. Louis Cardinals. Tie score, last of the ninth, bases loaded with two outs and the Dodgers down by a run.

*"Nam-myoho-renge-kyo!"*

Willie Davis is the batter, and he's chanting.

"I chant that any time I feel like it," he says. "It's the sound. You hear the sound, you hear the buzz of the sound. The more you chant, the better you feel."

The brand of Buddhism that Davis practices is Nichiren-Shoshu, which claims 13 million disciples throughout the world, and 200,000 of them in the U.S. Willie's wife, Jeanna, introduced the chant to the Davis household. "I wasn't interested at first," Willie admits. "But I watched her reactions, the way she changed. I watched how she got herself together with it."

At first his teammates greeted his conversion with skepticism. Now, however, whatever doubts they have they hide. "I wouldn't let them kid me," says Davis. "I explain it to them if they want



to know." Willie adds: "I'm going to try, just try, to have a meeting at the house and invite all the guys so they can find out about it."

Despite Willie's insistence that Nichiren-Shoshu is for "everyone," the mind boggles at the vision of Frank Robinson, Jim Lefebvre, Al Downing, Manny Mota and Don Sutton, say, psyching themselves up for a crucial game with a unison chorus of Nam-myoho-renge-kyos.

But Davis swears by it. The aim, he says, is to permit people to realize every metaphysical ounce of their innate potentialities. And if wife Jeanna's experience is typical, some of our latent talents are, well, *alchemical*.

"My wife chanted to sell our house," says Davis, "and boom, we sold it just like that. Then she chanted to get another one and boom, we got it just like that. You could be driving down the street desperately needing to get out, and a parking place will come up just like that."

But before all you real estate agents and parking lot owners file for bankruptcy, take note of this: In 1971, Willie Davis hit for a .305 average. After 186 at bats in 1972, Willie was batting .253. A few years of .253 and it will be Walter Alston who's doing the chanting—*Sa-yo-nara*.

## LEGAL BARRY-ERS

Rick Barry, (right) tired of confusion stirred up by journalists, club owners and courts over who he is legally and morally obligated to play for decided to create some of his own. Here, undocumented, is Rick's analysis of his situation. Enter this mind-maze at your peril.

"Everyone says I've signed a contract with the Warriors," says the Nets' superstar forward. "I haven't signed a contract. I signed an agreement. There is a difference between a contract and an agreement. An agreement isn't a contract. I signed an agreement the Warriors say will become a contract if I am free to sign a contract. If I'd have known I was going to be traded to the Nets, I'd have never signed the agreement."

It all has a familiar ring, especially for those old enough to have heard or seen that classic Bud Abbott-Lou Cos-

tello comedy routine.

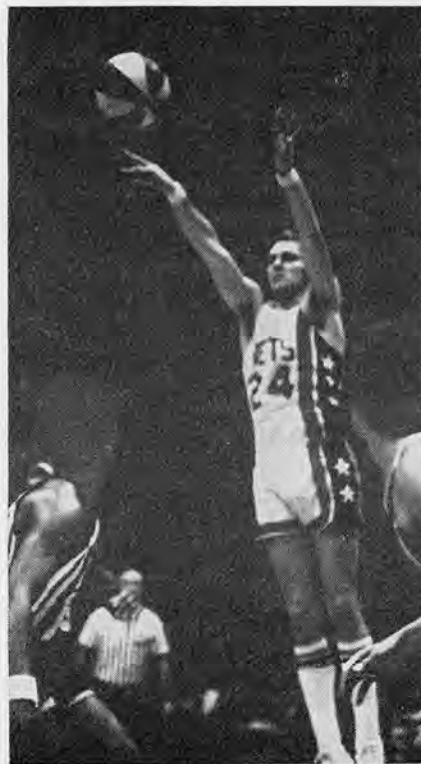
Abbott: "You see, Lou, What's on second?"

Costello: "Who?"

Abbott: "He's on first. . . ."

## THE UAA

It was just about this time four years ago that a movement to boycott the 1968 Olympic Games was shown to have failed. A campaign led by black sociology professor Harry Edwards fell on almost unanimously deaf ears. At the moment of truth, only one U.S. athlete actually boycotted the games—



an All-America basketball player named Lew Alcindor.

Of course, John Carlos and Tommie Smith did give the black-power salute at the playing of the U.S. national anthem. But that their protest was an isolated incident was emphasized by the fact that when they were subsequently expelled from the team they left alone.

But the resentment was seething, and not just among black athletes. And a year ago an event occurred that foreshadowed dark times ahead for the international Olympic establishment. Long jumper Stan Royster (then an un-

known) believed he was being black-listed from indoor-track meets by promoters who resented his front-runner role in black politics at the University of California. Then a group of the U.S.'s top athletes paid a not-so-social call on the promoter of an upcoming track meet in Los Angeles. If Royster wasn't invited, they told him bluntly, none of them would participate. The promoter quickly corrected his "oversight." Royster was invited, and, with top flight competition as inspiration, ended up as a candidate for the 1972 Olympic team.

The group of athletes who visited that reluctant promoter were representatives of an organization called the UAA—United Amateur Athletes. Membership already includes more than a 100 amateur athletes, all of whom are either candidates for the team that will go to Munich, or participants in previous Olympiads. Founders of the organization include such as quarter-miler John Smith, four-time Olympic hammer thrower Harold Connolly, decathlon star Russ Hodge, pole vaulter John Pennell, Olympic long-jumper Phil Shinnick, hurdler Gary Power, triple-jumper Milan Tiff and high jumper John Dobroth.

Unlike previous individual and collective efforts, the UAA is not in the least interested in disrupting the 1972 Olympics. It will, however, "protect" any athlete who does feel it necessary to make some kind of overt protest. "We want control of our own lives," says Phil Shinnick, "and we don't want other people telling us what to do or what not to do."

So far the UAA has refused to define what they are prepared to do to "protect" athletes who offend the establishment. Says Jack Scott of the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society (now Athletic Director at Oberlin): "You can't move too early. Those with control can circumvent what you're trying to do."

What the UAA is obviously trying to do, however, is to prevent reprisals against protesting athletes in the first place. This time, they seem to be telling the men who run the Olympics, you evict one, you evict us all.

"The white athletes were scared in 1968," says Scott. "But now they've seen someone challenge the sports establishment, and they feel that they



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can do it, too."

Eat your heart out, Avery Brundage.

## A GIANT STEPPE FOR HOCKEY

When Russian hockey coach Anatoli Tarasov characterized NHL play as "primitive" some time ago, it was a comment calculated to knit the facial muscles of every hockey devotee on the North American continent, players included. For years, of course, the world amateur champion Russians had been lobbying for a "showdown" match with the Canadian pros.

And now the series of matches is tentatively scheduled for September, with the consensus of opinion being that the Canadian stars will skate the Russians right out of the rink.

Perhaps the Russians' biggest problem—aside from figuring out how to contain NHL blockbusters like Bobby Hull—will be with their own equipment. Observers report that Russian equipment is generally inferior. Their sticks tend to break easily, their skates are a throwback to the dark ages of hockey. But, of course, their psychology is different, too. During a match between Locomotiv and Spartak, for example, a Locomotiv forward broke a skate, the blade coming completely off the shoe. When he skated off the ice, his coach showered him with the kind of invective NHL

coaches reserve for a player who shoots the puck into his own net. The reason for the coach's anger? His player would have to sit on the sidelines for half a period until a new blade was soldered onto his skate!

Just imagine Boston Bruin coach Tom Johnson pulling that one on superstar center Phil Esposito.

## CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

About the \$ value of Willie Mays as a home gate attraction, Met reliever Danny Frisella said: "The front office will make up his salary in one good weekend. My salary they can make up with a rainout."

## THE SWIVELER

It's common knowledge that the average career of an NFL player is 4.5 years with the limiting factor often a knee injury. And over the past two years, with knee injuries spiralling, voices of protest have been raised, particularly by the NFL players' organization, singling out artificial turf as the prime culprit. Naturally, the manufacturers of artificial turf disagree—and the static of charge and countercharge is unending.

Meanwhile, Dr. Bruce Cameron, an orthopedic surgeon on the staff of

Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, has been working with an entirely different approach. "There are 865,000 high school football players in the U.S.," says Dr. Cameron. "With regular football shoes, more than 140,000 will eventually suffer knee and ankle injuries. With soccer-type shoes, that would be reduced to 95,000. With the Wolverine Swiveler, our studies indicate that knee injuries would be reduced to 45,000."

The Wolverine Swiveler? A U. of Michigan halfback impervious to injury because his legs have ball bearings surgically installed at the knees? Not quite. The "Swiveler" is a new kind of football shoe—the result of Dr. Cameron's 20 years of research. Instead of the conventional cleat arrangement, the swiveler has a moveable metal disc, with the cleats strung out round its perimeter. But although the swivel cleat can make a 360-degree turn, Dr. Cameron points out that it is not free swinging. "The wedge joint sets with the body weight," he explains. "It takes about a week for a player to get completely used to it."

Dr. Cameron, who has performed over 1000 knee operations on football players, says that the trouble started around 1899, when players began to nail cleats onto their shoes. "The result," he argues, "went against 50,000 years of evolution." The defect of fixed cleats, he says, is that the foot remains rigid when the body turns. "The thigh bone goes in, the shin bone out and the torque, or twist, works like a gigantic screwdriver. The knee is the weakest weight-bearing joint we have, so this 'screwdriver' effect puts force on the ligaments and tears them."

Dr. Cameron expects his shoe to be rapidly adopted at all levels of competition for besides reducing the chances of a crippling injury, it reduces muscle fatigue and permits a runner to cut faster.

As for conventional, non-moveable cleats—Dr. Cameron sums them up this way: "If Mother Nature thought cleats were a good idea, we'd have warts on the bottom of our feet instead of smooth soles."

In 1970, Ron Johnson carried for 1027 yards. In '71, his total was 156. The difference? A knee injury, of course.





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# PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA



From the upper floors of Carver High School you can look out across the trees and power lines studding the black slums and see the new skyline of downtown Atlanta glittering in the sun, but Calvin Jones hadn't noticed because he was down in his office in the basement of the gymnasium. There were only three days of school left before summer vacation began, and Jones, the school's basketball coach, was trying to close up. The track and baseball seasons had just ended, spring basketball practice was winding down, and about all that was left to do was pack away the equipment and pass out certificates to the lettermen. Jones was putting his signature to one when the phone rang. "Heard of him, sure," he was saying. "The grades, how 'bout the grades? Uh-huh . . . well, look here, let me do some calling around." He spun in his swivel chair, a wan smile splitting his taut black face.

"Another one?"

"Get one every day," he said.

"Black kid?"

"Uh-huh. South Georgia. Pretty good, too."

"Can you help him?"

"Maybe," Jones said, already thinking about what junior college or black university might give the boy a chance. "Look here, whites can't imagine the need here. This can be a way for a black kid to go to college, to get a job, to learn things. An athletic scholarship can get him out of those surroundings, break that chain. I'm one," he grinned, "who ought to know about that."

For a lot of boys throughout the land, this is the longest summer of their lives. The anxiety began last winter or spring when, to headlines and parades and banquets, they signed on as "student athletes" with the Ohio States and Ala-

bamas and UCLAs of the world. In exchange for a four-year college scholarship, and sometimes a bit more bounty than that, they will be expected to drape themselves and their schools in glory. There will be clothes, girls, cars, summer jobs, tumult and shouting, and the almost certain prospect—if they perform reasonably well, and if they attend classes—of never having to worry about not having a good job. There are thousands of them in America right now, the blue-chip high school athletes, bidding their time until their new colleges open in the fall.

Then there are the others, the ones who for various reasons were unable to get the attention of the big schools—if, indeed, any college at all—and their summers, too, are tense, but in entirely different ways. Some are black and some are white, some live in big-city ghettos while others are in tarpaper shacks, but they all share one thing. They have already reached a crossroad in their lives, the place where they either begin to pick up the pieces or slide back into the shoddy everyday existence from whence they came. Calvin Jones is, indeed, one who ought to know about that.

"If I hadn't been helped, been able to excel in basketball when I was a kid, I might be dead or in jail right now," says Jones, a coach at all-black Carver High in the midst of Atlanta's poorest black slums for nine years now. "I was born and raised in Buttermilk Bottom. We must've moved once a week. I was headed into stealing and all of that, but then basketball became my salvation." Jones won a basketball scholarship to Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, making the Negro All-America team all four years, and went into high school coaching. "I've had a lot of offers for

bigger jobs in these 21 years," he says, "but this is where I'm needed—at the first rung of the ladder."

He is. The hurdles his kids have to jump are boggling, especially to those of us from middle-class backgrounds. Most of them are from fatherless homes, places where no breakfasts are served and there is little quiet time for studying. One Carver football star was thrown out by his mother for not contributing \$10 a week, went back home when the coaches chipped in the money from their own pockets, and went on to play in college. Many must work at school for their lunch money. A junior basketball star who also set the state record for the high hurdles this spring was dressed so shabbily when he came that a friend of Jones' gave him a complete wardrobe.

The athletic program at Carver has worked miracles, in fact, ever since the state of Georgia began allowing completely integrated play in the mid-'60s. One former Panther football star, Nathaniel Ross ("He didn't even have a change of drawers"), recently signed as a sixth-round draft choice with Green Bay. The Furman freshman basketball team's No. 2 scorer last season came from a family of nine and played for Jones. A year ago, a dozen Carver graduates won college athletic scholarships. "Since integration," says Jones, "we've probably sent more kids to college than all the other Atlanta high schools put together."

Jones, as summer came on, was holding his breath about one of his better boys: Victor Kendrick, the city's leading scorer with a 31.9 average, a boy who has virtually had to raise himself. Victor, who had to borrow a suit to make the All-City banquet downtown, was ranked as the state's ninth-best college prospect and had a sure offer from a good junior college in north Georgia. But then he was arrested in the spring on an armed robbery charge. "It would ruin this boy to send him to prison," said a judge while Jones and the courts tried to work something out. "What I want 'em all to do is go away someplace, don't stay at home," says Jones, who thinks Kendrick could make it with the pros eventually. "They got to get away from everything bad that's happened to their parents, or it'll happen to them."





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## LETTERS TO SPORT

### THOUGHTS ON VIOLENCE

"Violence in Basketball" by Marty Ralbovsky in the May issue was a profound and thought-provoking article.

If indeed it was the plan of Minnesota to win the Ohio State game by "getting Witte," why did they wait until there were only 35 seconds left in the game? For a coach who is characterized as an "animalizer and brutalizer" that's a little late to be taking a key man out of the action. Why didn't he and his callous group start the bloodshed earlier and coast to easy victory? All the while they could have been gloating over their fallen victim.

They didn't—because they didn't mean for it to happen. It just did.

So it's over. Everyone has paid the price. So why can't we get back to enjoying basketball? Maybe because a lot of us enjoy the debacle more. It's a bit like a replay of the lion-Christian thing which was once considered entertainment. Lest some draw a hasty parallel, be reminded that both the lion and the Christian were placed in the arena against their will. It was necessary they make the best of a bad situation. Could spectators be justified in condemning them for doing what was expected of them?

Possibly, in retrospect, we better excuse the kids and the coach and place the blame where it rightfully belongs.

If anyone feels free from reproach, simply attribute the calamity to pressure, then consider who caused that.

**Mrs. Robert J. Miller**  
Heaton, N.D.

Marty Ralbovsky's piece "Violence in Basketball" was one of the best articles ever to have appeared in your magazine. It's unfortunate that you couldn't give him more space to explore this topic. This article along with an earlier one concerning Larry Csonka marks Ralbovsky as one of the best



new writers contributing to your magazine in quite awhile.

**Carl Mellor**  
Syracuse, N.Y.

#### QUESTIONS ON AMATEURISM

What is an amateur? Is he a bright, young star seeking fame and honor, not money? Or is he a man like you and me trying to make a living in this competitive world?

Or is he a man who plays for the honor of his country, or is he a man who plays for the love of the game?

Must an amateur be squashed and overshadowed by the pros? Is someone a professional because he uses his prestige to sell a product? Can one be a professional in one sport and an amateur in another?

If an amateur cannot receive gifts, must he put his hard earned money into better equipment, while his family starves? Trophies alone cannot feed a family.

Beware all professional and amateur organizations! You are making the amateur qualifications too hard to fill. If there are no amateurs, then the American sports foundation will collapse very quickly.

**William Harris, Jr.**  
Wilmington, Del.

#### GOALIE CREDIT

Bravo to John Devaney and the entire SPORT staff for the great story "What It's Like Tending Goal For The Bruins" (June). For once, some goalies that don't win the Vezina Trophy have gotten a little credit. Thanks again.

**Mark Mettel**  
Madison, Wisc.

#### ERROR IN DISGUISE

As a long-suffering Philadelphia Phillies fan, I want to thank you for your article on Willie Montanez written by Brenda Zanger and printed in the June issue. I must point out, however, that the picture accompanying the article was that of Oscar Gamble, not Mr. Montanez.

Nevertheless, I remain truly grateful for the article.

**Frank Toole, Jr.**  
Shenandoah, Pa.

Editor's Note: Why do you suppose we titled the piece "The Phillies' Blessing in Disguise?"

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# TOMORROW'S TRUCK: A SPORTS CAR FOR THE SEVENTIES



The sports car of the Fifties was the MG, replete with clamshell fenders, wire wheels and leather bonnet strap. Jaguar and Porsche were swifter and sleeker but MG led the way, in numbers and in spirit. That spirit may never be duplicated. Tape over the headlights, button on the Herbert Johnson crash hat (a polo helmet in disguise), buckle up the war surplus seat belt and you were an instant amateur race driver. Just as surely the "sporty car" title for the Sixties goes to Mustang, first of the personal cars, a winner at the box-office, and, in the hotted-up Carroll Shelby version, on the track as well. Over the years the ranks of "pony" cars swelled and so (unfortunately in the minds of some original owners) did their length, girth, engine displacement, plushness—and price.

Almost certainly the personal/sports/fun car of this decade won't be a car at all. It will be a pickup truck. Precisely which make and model is still in the balance. Ford and Chevrolet are battling bumper-to-bumper for leadership in a light truck market which has exceeded their wildest dreams of a few years ago. Both will unveil all-new '73 model truck styling this September, a year in which passenger cars will go largely unchanged. Dodge, restyled a year earlier, is taking dead aim on the leaders' tail pipes, and a bevy of imports headed by Toyota and Datsun is looking to carve the same kind of big volume in small packages they pulled off

with passenger cars 15 years ago. Some indication of the affection currently held in Detroit for trucks is that Chevrolet has named its entry into the import field "Luv."

Not that trucks and sports cars are all that far apart. Some of the prize sports cars of the past handled like trucks until they reached cruising speeds (80 or 90 MPH). Heavy steering and stiff clutches made them a handful in the city. Back in the Golden Age of the motorcar, a disgruntled (and defeated) French sports car manufacturer called the sports Bentleys in the Le Mans 24 hour race "the fastest lorries in the world." Twenty years later in the same race Ferrari introduced the "bread-van," a boxy, squared off delivery vehicle on a purebred 12-cylinder chassis. Its "clean" aerodynamic properties were much admired and widely copied.

Some of the '73 model trucks about to be unveiled will not only handle like sports cars but offer much of the hardware associated with sports cars. Magnesium wheels, bucket seats, disc brakes, four-barrel carburetion, rallye stripes, all-synchromesh transmission, to name a few. The handling and performance on the test track of Ford's new Ranchero, a luxury light truck, had some veteran sports car enthusiasts asking for a second test drive. Should the new breed of truck customer care to go for comfort as well as "go," he may have such amenities as automatic transmission, air-conditioning, tinted glass, power steering, power brakes. Not to mention four-wheel drive,

that handiest of options, which takes your truck over dune or desert at the flip of a lever, allowing you to escape civilization, or at least that portion of civilization equipped with only two driving wheels.

What's behind the truck boom that has Chevrolet doubling one assembly line, Jeep jumping with non-G.I. customers and International Harvester reaping gains from its suggestion that "your next car should be a truck"?

Quite simply the ecology and safety kicks, pioneered by youthful America, and now reaching the full flower of maturity. The back-to-nature boom has camping blossoming as the nation's fastest growing sport. If you don't care to walk all the way, nothing beats a pickup as a lowcost means of getting to off-the-turnpike sites. True sports cars have always been limited production vehicles, and it is difficult, technically and economically, for small manufacturers to meet the increasingly stringent pollution and safety requirements enforced by the Department of Transportation. British Leyland Motors, the world's largest makers of sports cars (MG, Triumph, Jaguar) has a bevy of engineers hard at work. Typical problem: How do you hang a 12-inch bumper on an XKE and retain the sleek, low-to-the-ground posture that has always been "The Cat's" strong point? Happily, in addition to a bevy of engineers, British Leyland has





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the Land Rover, technically a truck, actually the Rolls Royce of four-wheel-drive vehicles. Although four-wheel-drive is the most expensive option on light trucks the demand is burgeoning.

Youthful America is taking to the roads and trails and general outdoors in unprecedented numbers. Moreover it's one youthful trend their elders can applaud—and follow. When California's surfers adopted the panel truck as the "in" transportation device, and painted their vans in tones as colorful as their sport, they did the manufacturers a tremendous favor. Chevrolet, for one, came out with a whole series, "mod" designs, not only for panels but their entire light truck line available as dealer options. Almost a third of the 1.8 million light trucks expected to be sold this year in the U.S. will be for personal use, hauling nothing but people and the equipment people use for fun.

Fun aside, a truck's sturdiness and low depreciation make great sense. In an age of consumerism, a truck is something to believe in: Strong, faithful, with a recycling period longer than mere passenger cars. Hunting, fishing and boat trailering are still the principal non-business uses for trucks. However, among those who labor in the city and live in the country, full or part-time, mere ownership of a pickup has substantial snob overtones and definite one-upmanship over neighbors whose closest contact with nature is via a riding lawn mower. Women have dis-

covered that driving a small truck is no more difficult than driving a standard-size station wagon—and in some cases easier since the wheel base is shorter. The fashionable station car in exurban Connecticut and Long Island is a pickup truck, albeit with the owner's name or that of his country place carefully lettered on the door—in coordinated colors, of course. What it amounts to is that yesterday's Detroit darling, the muscle car, is dead at the hands of the insurance industry and the pollution enforcers. The traditional open two seater sports car is under great pressure from the DOT if all the regulations blue-printed for the future stand up, but America still wants fun and individuality in its vehicles, particularly the second and third one in the family.

Detroit is satisfying that need with trucks, in infinite variety and hue, with driving characteristics sportier than those of sports cars in the days when exclusive club members were required to sell their vehicles only to other club members lest they fell into the wrong hands.

Since light truck sales were up 40 percent last year and the percentage gain for the first three months of '72 is even higher, there may even be a short wait for particular models. As evidence that trucks are moving over more than back roads, a Chevy dealer in Texas tells this tale: A dreary day this winter his foreman yelled in from the lot, "Hey, boss the computer went crazy. You just got a delivery on a pickup with

every option in the book on her, and the price sticker on her actually says \$6000."

"In that case bring her in the showroom, out of the rain," countered the dealer. Not only did the most expensive pick-up in Texas sell that afternoon but disappointed buyers left orders for two identical "computer specials." Just as in the heyday of the classic sports cars, class, not cost was the object.

Just to put the truck boom in perspective, Oldsmobile, which is having a banner sales year and could easily wind up in third place among passenger cars, could just as easily be out-sold by Chevrolet trucks. Even the dowdy Suburban, a slightly bigger stationwagon on a truck chassis, has taken on new glamor—simply because it works. You really can carry a family of seven and all their camping gear, and trail a boat, with power and stability to spare. Moreover, every bright yellow Suburban you see is not a small school bus. The color options now available for trucks could easily send a sports car maker back to his styling center. To add to an already good thing, top-of-the-line engines in the big 450 cubic inch class will make the light truck scene in '73. This is not the kind of hardware one associates with Ma and Pa Kettle.

If you're planning to beat the rush for a sporty truck, and the dealer doesn't like your old Ferrari GTO or four-liter Lamborghini as a trade-in, try us. We'll guarantee to find it a good home.





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# BOBBY ORR'S STANLEY CUP

Sometimes popular entertainment can be transformed into art. It happened early in May, in the final round of the Stanley Cup playoffs, when hockey fans all over the country—and particularly in Boston—were entertained by the Boston Bruins' hard-fought six-game victory over the New York Rangers. Art transcended entertainment when Bobby Orr took the ice. Orr's one-man performance against the Rangers was a perfect demonstration of what art is all about.

Of course, the 25-year-old Orr has been an artist throughout his career. He won everything he could have won during the 1971-72 season (except perhaps the Lady Byng trophy; artists, you know, do not get that way very often

on "gentlemanly conduct"). And now it was the playoffs, and more art.

Throughout, Orr was magnificent. But he was at his best when his best was needed. Playing against the Rangers on a damaged knee that would require post-playoff surgery, Bobby scored, fed, checked, killed penalties, started rushes and logged more ice time than anyone. In the six games against New York he scored four goals and four assists. He won the important fourth game, on New York ice, almost by himself with a two-goal performance. And in the sixth game, again in New York, it was all Orr. Midway in the first period, he took a pass at the point, feinted Bruce McGregor with a classic pirouette and rifled a 40-footer into the

Rangers' net. In the final period, with the score 1-0 and the outcome still very much in doubt, Orr blasted another shot from the blueline. It struck Wayne Cashman's stick and slithered into the nets.

At a SPORT luncheon in Boston, Bobby was presented with a new Dodge Charger as the Most Valuable Player in the Stanley Cup final round. NHL President Clarence Campbell was there and he acclaimed Orr as "a legend in his own time." The legend was amplified by Ranger captain Vic Hadfield, who tried to explain his team's defeat. "The two clubs were even in faceoffs," said Hadfield, "even in power plays, even in penalty killings, even in everything—except they had Orr." Bobby Orr, the artist at work.





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**THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO**



## SAM HUFF

# ...WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?



No disrespect meant to the quarterbacks interviewed in the article on page 58, but according to Sam Huff: "The role of the middle linebacker is that of the quarterback for the defense and his job carries just as much responsibility as running an offense. He's the key, the hub of the wheel."

But then what else would you expect to hear from the man who, in fact, created the modern stereotype for the middle linebacking position in pro football, the spot 26 quarterbacks discuss in this issue? For 13 years Sam Huff made his reputation, identity and money as a flamboyant, omnipresent and hard-hitting middle linebacker. Many times during his eight seasons with the New York Giants and five with the Washington Redskins, Huff's head-to-head, body-crunching duels with the likes of Jim Brown or Jimmy Taylor stirred public discussion about the degree of roughness permissible in the game. Fans and sportswriters concerned about the letter of the law in pro football eventually came to understand that most of the violence of the modern

game, particularly as played by Mr. Huff, was legal and stemmed mainly from the players' abilities and attitudes. And nowhere was the violent combination of strength, speed and ferocity more called for than at the middle linebacking spot. Even more, to Sam, it "is the most demanding job on the field. It takes leadership—you have to be respected by your teammates on and off the field. It also takes quickness and strength as well as concentration and awareness of all your personnel on the playing field and their duties at all times."

Today Sam Huff lives with his wife and three children in Alexandria, Virginia. He makes his living as the manager of market development for the Marriot Hotels Corp. and is mostly involved in negotiations with various athletic teams concerning their travel arrangements. Still a fervent spectator of pro football, Huff's evasive personal rating of the league's middle linebackers is, "There are four or five top middle linebackers in the game today, and winning tells who is best."

## INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

The standard of defensive play in recent All-Star games has been exceptionally high. There have been only five errors made in the last nine games, all by the American League. . . . Starting with the 1963 game, the National League clubs have put together a string of 90 consecutive errorless innings in nine games, and this sure-handed defensive play was a major factor in the eight game winning streak compiled by the N.L. (1963-70). . . . In only one of the last nine All-Star games was there more than one error, Frank Howard and Rico Petrocelli each committing one for the A.L. in the 1969 contest.

The last N.L. error in an All-Star game came in the ninth inning of the second

1962 game (at Wrigley Field), when Eddie Mathews was charged with two on one play (Tommy Davis and Dick Groat had erred for the N.L. earlier in that game). . . . In addition to Howard and Petrocelli, the only other active players who have made errors in All-Star games have been Orlando Cepeda, Harmon Killebrew, Joe Pepitone and Frank Robinson. . . . There have been 75 errors in the 42 All-Star games, 39 by the N.L. and 36 by the A.L.

Eight active players have participated in ten or more All-Star games, led by Willie Mays (22 games, two less than record-holder Stan Musial) and Hank Aaron (20). . . . Al Kaline and Brooks Robinson have each played in 15 games, followed by Roberto Clemente (14), Harmon Killebrew (11), Luis Aparicio and Frank Robinson (10). . . . The most starts have been made by Mays (17), Aaron (14), Aparicio and Brooks Robinson (8). . . . Frank Robinson

is the only active player who has started for both leagues, with four starts for A.L. and two for N.L. . . . Dick Allen could become a two-league starter this year.

The top lifetime All-Star batting average among active players with at least 15 AB, belongs to Carl Yastrzemski—.350 (7 hits in 20 AB). . . . Other 15-AB players with .300 averages in All-Star play are Brooks Robinson (.342), Kaline (.333), Clemente (.323), Mays (.319) and Killebrew (.308). . . . Mays is the all-time leader in a number of offensive categories, including runs (20), hits (23) and stolen bases (6). . . . He has been on the winning clubs 15 times (a record) in his 22 All-Star games.

Only four active pitchers have worked in more than three All-Star games, Juan Marichal (eight games, sharing record with Jim Bunning and Don Drysdale), Bob Gibson (5), Sam McDowell (4) and Mel Stottlemyre (4).



# ? THE SPORT QUIZ!

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15-16 EXCELLENT  
13-14 VERY GOOD  
11-12 FAIR

1. Which of these golfers failed to qualify for the 1972 United States Open?

- a. Charlie Sifford
- b. Sam Snead
- c. Doug Sanders

2. Who was the winning pitcher in the 1971 major-league All-Star Game?

- a. Jim Palmer
- b. Vida Blue
- c. Mickey Lolich

3. Which NFL running back led the league in rushing for the 1971 regular season?

- a. Floyd Little
- b. John Brockington
- c. Larry Csonka

4. True or False: The United States has not won a gold medal in the 1500-meter run since 1908.

5. Match these once-famous minor-league cities with the nickname of their franchise.

San Francisco	Crackers
Minneapolis	Royals
Montreal	Seals
Atlanta	Millers

6. Who was the last major-league pitcher to hurl a perfect game during regular season play?

- a. Sandy Koufax
- b. Catfish Hunter
- c. Jim Maloney

7. He received the NHL's Calder Trophy in 1972 as the league choice for Rookie of the Year.



- a. Marcel Dionne
- b. Rick Martin
- c. Ken Dryden

8. Which of these top NBA performers has never been named the regular season MVP of the league?

- a. Jerry West
- b. Wes Unseld
- c. Oscar Robertson

9. Now a L.A. Dodger, this major-leaguer has batted over .300 in five of his last six seasons—but has been traded twice in that time. Who is he?

- a. Frank Robinson
- b. Manny Mota
- c. Maury Wills

10. In the qualifying trials for this year's Indianapolis 500, Bobby Unser set a new lap speed record for the course at:

- a. 160
- b. 170
- c. 195

11. The last ballplayer to hit four home runs on four consecutive at bats in one game was:

- a. Willie Mays
- b. Willie Stargell
- c. Rocky Colavito

12. Which club's pitching staff led both major leagues in complete games for the 1971 season?

- a. Oakland A's
- b. Chicago Cubs
- c. Baltimore Orioles

13. He was the top pick in the 1972 NBA college draft.

- a. Julius Erving
- b. Bob McAdoo
- c. LaRue Martin

14. In 1971, who led the National League batters with a total of 112 bases on balls?

- a. Willie Mays
- b. Hank Aaron
- c. Lou Brock

15. Which of these well-known pro heavyweight boxers has never been knocked down during a scheduled bout in the ring?

- a. George Chuvalo
- b. Joe Frazier
- c. Joe Louis

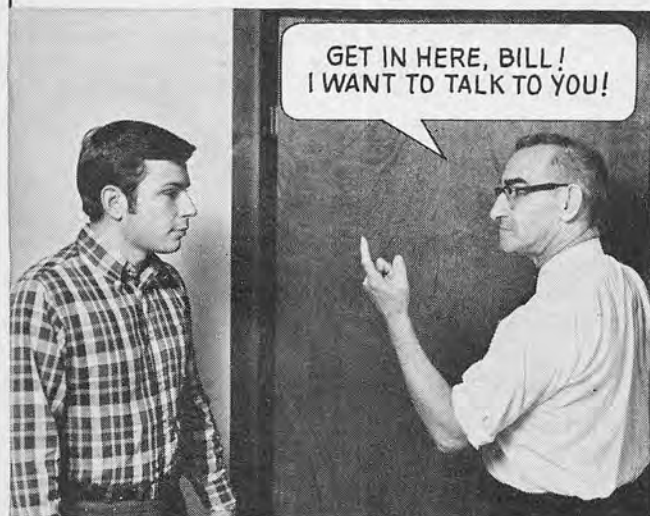
16. Which of these prime 1972 NFL draft picks already signed his pro contract with a Canadian Football League club?

- a. Ed Marinaro
- b. Bobby Moore
- c. Johnny Musso

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 62



# The day Bill told off his boss



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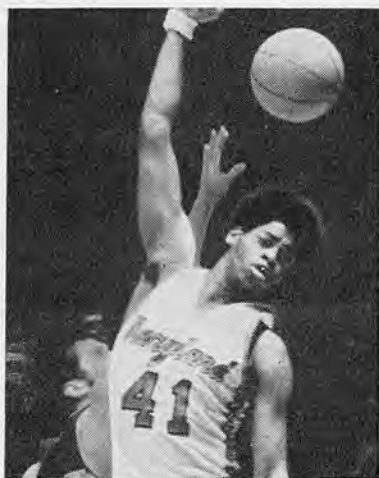
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SO-10



# COLLEGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH



**LEN ELMORE, U. OF MARYLAND**

Over the past decade sociologists have explained to us in stark detail the plight of blacks in America. Urban blacks, they tell us are poor; formal schooling is merely a legal obligation for kids whose most exacting trials take place in open-air classrooms, on asphalt, playing the "city game"—basketball.

Len Elmore, 6-9, 230-pound junior center at the University of Maryland, can't fit that facile stereotype. Elmore was born in the same New York City borough that nurtured Connie Hawkins, among others, but he didn't play a serious game of basketball until he was in the tenth grade. "I never lived in the ghetto," he says. "My father works for the Department of Sanitation; our neighborhood was middle income. There was never any question in my mind that sports took second place to education."

An honor student in junior high school, Elmore set his sights on a secondary education at Manhattan's Power Memorial, a Catholic high school with a prestigious reputation for basketball and scholarship. "I wanted Power Memorial for its academics," says Elmore. "I started playing basketball because I thought it would help my chances of getting in."

But there was unexpected feedback from playing basketball at Power. There was glamor, but there were responsi-

bilities. The summer after his freshman year, Len was asked to work in the Police Athletic League's play-street program. Two summers later, Len was a play-street director. "A play-street," he says, "consists of one street, maybe two blocks long, closed off by the City to traffic between the hours of 12 to eight. It's for the whole community, not just the kids. The PAL donates arts-and-crafts equipment, athletic equipment and buses for trips. We used to take the kids to Rock-away Beach and Bear Mountain State Park—places where normally they couldn't go 'cause they didn't have that kind of money."

For the next two years at Power Memorial, Elmore starred both at basketball and academics, being selected for membership in the National Honor Society. So UCLA wanted him. The Knicks' Bill Bradley took him to dinner and talked to him about Princeton. The late Adam Clayton Powell recruited him for Georgetown. "I got this one letter from a school in Las Vegas," Len recalls. "They promised to sponsor me in any law school in the country and get me a \$100,000 job with the Hughes Tool Company there."

That \$100,000 offer had to be sweetened with the promise of law school. Even as far back as high school, Elmore had decided to enter the legal profession. "I plan on taking my degree back to the community," Len says now. "I plan to get enough money playing pro ball to set myself up with a law practice where I won't have to depend on legal fees in order to eat. You see," he adds, "blacks don't have a voice in the system, because the only language the system understands is legal language. And there aren't enough black lawyers."

In his freshman year at Maryland, Elmore first broke an ankle, then suffered a busted kneecap and a torn tendon. To relieve his depression, he signed on as a part-time tutor at a Washington, D.C. elementary school. In '71-72, as a sophomore center, a healthy Elmore established himself as a pro prospect, playing—along with Tom McMillen—a crucial role as Maryland reached the finals of the ACC tournament and won the NIT tournament in Madison Square Garden, beating along the way Jacksonville and Niagara. Tough under the boards according to Boston GM Red Auerbach: "Elmore was the workhorse of that team."

And when Elmore isn't on a basketball court, he's in the ghettos. Working as a project leader for an organization of Maryland students called PACE, he's currently prodding the state and community to join forces to renovate the athletic field of a junior high school in Maryland Park, Maryland. "We're trying to start some interaction between the children and the community," he says. "So we went and talked to community people, including the kids who'd be involved. After we found out their objectives, we relayed them to the Maryland Parks and Planning Commission, asking them to join our coalition."

Next an "ecological day" was scheduled. There was music, a barbecue—while members of the local community and PACE removed the grass and garbage that littered the field.

Next year, Elmore says, he hopes to contribute more to the Maryland offense than in 1971. But he's already pulled out all the stops in the realms of scholarship and social conscience.

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# CANADIAN MIST



## MIDDLE LINEBACKERS

(Continued from page 61)  
going out of his way to make contact."

**Norm Snead, New York Giants:** "The middle linebacker physically dominates more than anybody else. Lucci is very impressive because he is a combination of the physical and mental; Buoniconti too."

**Gary Cuozzo, St. Louis Cardinals:** "I have the old standard problems, Curtis and Butkus. The image of the big, strong middle linebacker is changing. It is going more to guys like Curtis; fast, with maybe 4.6 or 4.7 speed for 40 yards. You can even let them cover a tight end all the way down the field so you can double-cover wide receivers. . . . Butkus, week in and week out, gives us quarterbacks the most problems, even with a bad leg. He is better than average at intercepting; he has good hands. Jordan is very underrated. . . . So is Lonnie Warwick of the Vikings. . . . Mike Lucci is very effective."

**Bobby Douglass, Chicago Bears:** "There is not that much difference between them, despite what you may read about certain ones. They talk about middle linebackers, but I think of defensive linemen. Alan Page is in your backfield before you are. . . . I think the guy at Miami (Buoniconti) is as sharp as anyone around."

**John Brodie, San Francisco 49ers:** "There is no doubt that Butkus has been the best middle linebacker over the last four or five years."

**Bill Kilmer, Washington Redskins:** "Funny, but the guy who has given me the most problems is Hansen of the Falcons, who replaced Nobis in the middle, from the outside. I remember him picking off a couple of my passes which I thought were going to be right on the mark. We thought we could run at him because he was new at the position, but he had such a good game. . . . The obvious good ones are Nobis and Butkus; you never run at them. They are so great that you play around them; you stay away from them with passes. Both are good on runs; they stack up the middle. Or get somebody to block them—go to an end run and block down on them. Butkus has been hurt the last two years, so he is not as good a red-dogger as he was. He once was pow-

erful enough to go right over a center; most centers could not hold him. . . . Centers are starting to 'cut' Butkus at the knees, where he does not like it now with his injuries. . . . I like to try to match wits with Jordan; he is very intelligent and it becomes a guessing game of where he is going to fill. He has good pass coverage and he is so agile."

**Fran Tarkenton, Minnesota Vikings:** "David, there is no way I am going to editorialize about the middle linebackers in this league. I am going to have to play against them."

**Roman Gabriel, Los Angeles Rams:** "I think the number one guy who is in overall command of a game is Butkus. He really makes a study of offenses. He does a lot on his own. Even with a bad leg last year, he got the job done. The Bears' defense follows his example. He might drop off 20 yards to cover a pass or be three yards off the line of scrimmage to break up a sweep. It is hard to run right at him, he's so strong. You wonder how you can get him; how he can do all this. I don't think it all comes from natural ability: He has to have a fine defensive mind. I don't think anybody can beat you physically; it has to be mental, too. It is the guy who is a little smarter upstairs who wins. . . . There are many linebackers in the same category as Butkus. Curtis—he just started at middle linebacker a couple of years ago; he has the same assets as Butkus. He is not as big, but he is quicker."

**Bart Starr, Green Bay Packers:** "The first thing I want to say is that I look at middle linebacker, with the exception of Curtis—I don't know Lanier—basically like every other position. The middle linebackers have become bigger and more mobile over the years. . . . In our division, Butkus, Lucci, Warwick all do the job. I see each of them twice a year. They bait you by moving out where they should not be, but still bat down your pass or get you to pass somewhere against your better judgment. . . . Jordan is a small one, good on diagnosis. But Butkus is the punishing type; the intimidating kind. That is the kind I would want. He will rattle your brains when he tackles you. He inspires his team that way. . . . Lucci is very aggressive; not as large as Butkus by about ten pounds,

but he has the height. He is a strong leader, like Curtis and Lanier."

**Bob Griese, Miami Dolphins:** "I can remember when I first came into the league, against the Patriots, when they had Buoniconti. Thank goodness he's with us now. He could plug holes, make tackles from sideline to sideline; still drop off quickly on deep pass patterns. He is smart. . . . Lanier has the same quickness. He intercepts and he doesn't tip any keys. Some others have weaknesses, but not those two."

**Roger Staubach, Dallas Cowboys:** "As a relative first-year man I don't like to presume to analyze middle linebackers. A quarterback has got to be a diplomat and let them sleep. However, Lanier is well respected; he is very active and has good speed. He is good against the run and on pass coverage. He is smart and makes no mistakes. Besides being fast in the open, he has quick reactions. . . . Warwick is tough when he is healthy and is built like a tank. . . . I would hate to play against Lucci; he is so good at pass defense. He is hard to look off; like our Lee Roy Jordan—not big. Butkus is great when healthy. He plays with reckless abandon, and he is smart."

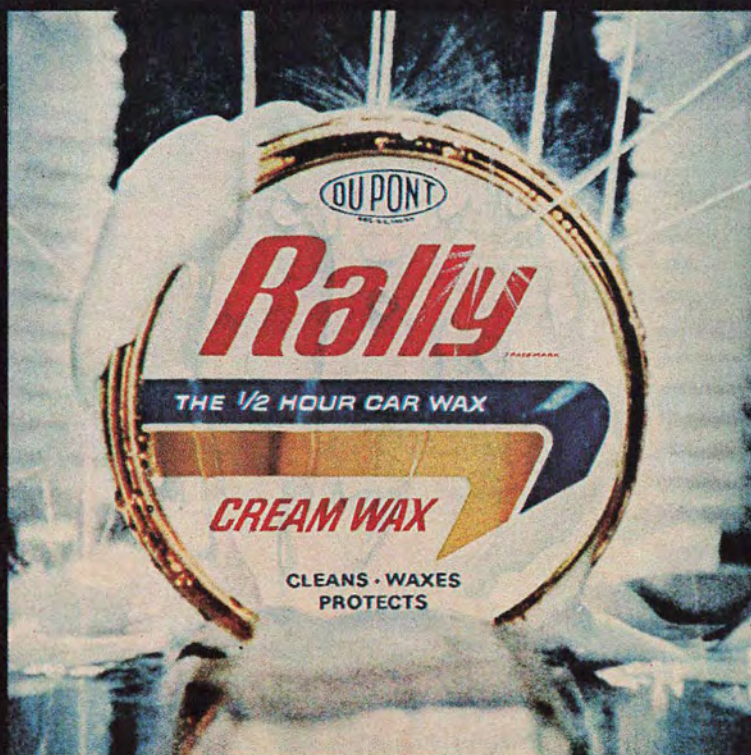
**Daryle Lamonica, Oakland Raiders:** "Willie Lanier is without doubt the one who has caused us the most problems. People do not realize his size—250 pounds. He is all man. He is quick at filling the hole and he does it with authority. He is one tough individual. . . . Mike Curtis is not that big, at 232 pounds, but he is a real buzz-saw. He is excellent against the pass because of his speed. He gets 18 to 20 yards deep on a pass and that is unusual for a middle linebacker."

**John Unitas, Baltimore Colts:** "None of them bother me, really. We are new in the American Conference. I couldn't tell you half of the faces. I look at the films during the week; I get them by their numbers. Probably the best one from the old National is Butkus. He has such good range. As far as pass defense is concerned he gets good lateral coverage as well as deep pursuit. . . . The kid that plays the middle for Kansas City is pretty good (Lanier). Buoniconti is good against the run but not as good on pass defense." ■





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# THE REAL TOM SEAVER

The Met pitcher's close friend and roommate reveals a side of Seaver that the public seldom sees.

BY BUD HARRELSON AS TOLD TO JIM O'BRIEN

Tom Seaver says he's the best pitcher in baseball, and I'm inclined to agree with him. Of course, he tells everyone I'm the best shortstop. Maybe that's why we get along so well and are great roommates on the road with the New York Mets.

I've heard Tom mention my name to the sportswriters after he's pitched a great game. He'll rave about my fielding. For a long time I felt that he thought more of me than I did. Tom thinks positive

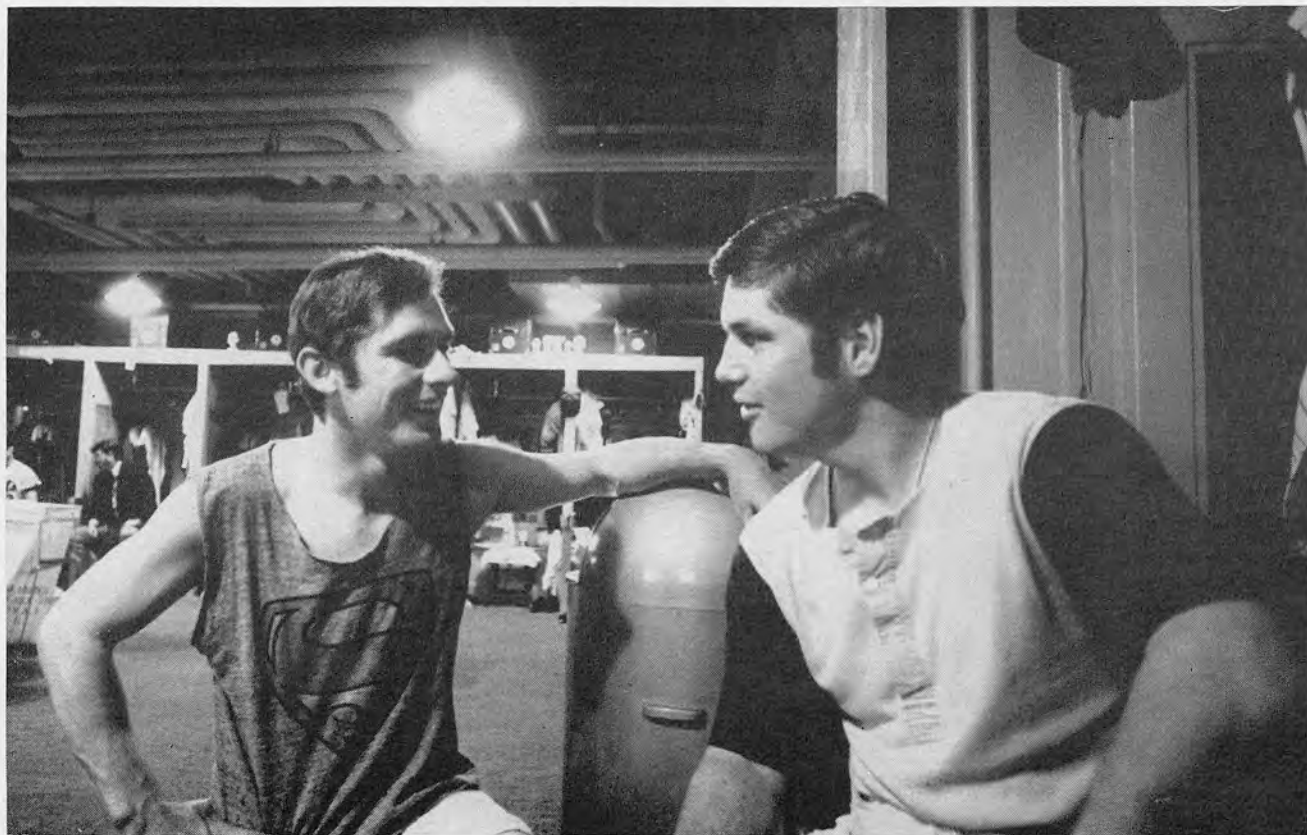
thoughts, and it's rubbed off on the rest of us. Tom says we can win a World Series again, like we did in 1969; and we believe him. Would Tom tell a lie?

I've always been humble, but Tom wants me to be confident. Everyone knows how much confidence Tom has in himself. That's nothing compared to the confidence he has in me.

Consider the scene in the clubhouse at San Diego where we were playing the Padres earlier this sea-

son. We'd just beaten them for the third time in as many days, which is a nice way to begin a nine-game road trip on the West Coast, and everyone was in a good mood as we packed our bags to board a bus for Los Angeles. Tom was in especially good spirits. He had been the winning pitcher the night before. He's the good-humor man in our clubhouse and his winning helps.

**Superman Harrelson with his roomie Seaver in the clubhouse. "Tom's the good humor man in our clubhouse," Bud says.**





I heard him hollering to me from the other end of the clubhouse: "Go get 'im, roomie." I went over to see what was up. "Go get 'im, roomie," he hollered again.

Who? Where? I'm wondering what he's talking about. Tom points to the doorway where Jim Fregosi, our third baseman, is talking to this big guy. The face was familiar, but it didn't ring a bell right away. Then it hit me. Like a two-ton hammer. It was Deacon Jones, the defensive end of the Los Angeles Rams who'd been traded to the San Diego Chargers. Jones stands 6-5 and weighs 250, which is to say he's considerably bigger than Buddy Harrelson. Early in the season, when I am at my strongest, I weigh about 155, which is spread meagerly over my 5-10 frame. Tom tells everyone that I stand in front of the mirror in the hotel room all the time and flex my muscles. I don't do it all the time.

"Go get 'im, roomie," Tom cries out with glee. So I go get 'im. Or at least I pretend I'm going to get 'im. I hoped Deacon would recognize it was all in good fun. I shuffled across the clubhouse floor in my bare feet, sort of shadowboxing. Everyone's laughing. I threw a

**"Normally," Harrelson says, "Tom takes a long time to get to sleep after he's pitched. . . . He has to gear down a little."**

flurry—at the air, of course. "Kick 'im," Tom hollers. "Stomp on 'im."

At last, Deacon begged off. I was relieved. I don't like violence. I walked away, at peace with the world, when I heard Jones say, "Man, if I was on the Mets I'd be a giant." He told Fregosi he thought Seaver was bigger than he appeared close up in the clubhouse. I guess a lot of people think of Tom as being larger-than-life. Especially those ballplayers who have to bat against him.

He surprises people in other ways. Like Fregosi who came to our club during the offseason in a trade. He played ten years in the American League, and Tom Seaver was something he'd heard about, but never really appreciated until he was on the same team. "Seaver's overwhelming," Fregosi said after a game Jim had hit a three-run homer in to help win 5-1. "I understood about throwing the ball—what great stuff he had—velocity, breaking ball, but not the way he handles himself. He can do so many other things." Fregosi said he thought he had played behind some great pitchers, like Dean Chance in 1964, when Chance won the Cy Young award, and Andy Messersmith last season. "But they don't do the things he does," Fregosi said.

It was funny to me that Fregosi was so impressed with Tom. To tell you the truth, Tom wasn't throwing as well as he can. That tells you something about him, too. Tom had pulled some leg muscles the week before running in the outfield at Shea Stadium. It was hindering his pitching. He wasn't really himself. He'd have the same problem for another month, but he did nothing but win. So did the Mets.

Tom is very much one of the boys, and as shown by that scene in San Diego, he enjoys himself in the clubhouse. He's comfortable there. At home, he likes to come in early, and read his fan mail. He's very much at home at the ballpark. He likes to work crossword puzzles in the clubhouse. He knows a lot about a lot of things, but he asks for help on the puzzles. I won't. I'm too proud to ask what the answer is to one across. He asks. Maybe that's why he's such a good pitcher, too. He asks questions about hitters. He wants to know their weaknesses. It's his strength.

Yet he's for real, too. In fact, he's a big practical joker and an instigator. He's always laughing that laugh of his which is different, that's for sure. Some people take it the wrong way. If you're in a sour mood, maybe you've gone 0-for-5 at bat, you might say, "What's so





# THE REAL TOM

CONTINUED

funny about him?" He's just a prankster. He doesn't hurt anyone. When I first came up with the Mets there was a message left at my locker to call someone named G. Raff. I dialed the number and it was the Bronx Zoo.

This is the Tom Seaver a lot of fans don't know about. Maybe if he weren't such a great pitcher he couldn't get away with it. But he only picks on certain individuals. He knows who can take it and who can't. He never pulls anything on anyone who might say, "Who's he think he is?" When he's pitching he's all business. That's where he wins respect. "He's really something, isn't he?" asked Rusty Staub, another new star on our ballclub this year. When he's not pitching Tom's usually joking around or being a cheerleader on the bench. He says things that relax you a little. Maybe that's how he keeps his sanity.

The day previous to my Deacon Jones "fight," as I mentioned before, Tom was the winning pitcher against the Padres. Before the game, Tom was standing around the batting cage, studying the Padre hitters. They are, as everyone knows, one of the weaker teams in the National League, though they've got some young prospects with bright futures. To that point, Tom had a 9-0 record against the Padres in the three seasons they'd been in existence, and once struck out 19 of them in one game. Yet he watched them as though they were a World Series game opponent. "He's all business," said Preston Gomez, who was managing the Padres for the final time that night, though he didn't know it then (he was fired after the game). "He's always thinking about pitching. He remembers everything and files it for reference."

That's my roomie—on game day,

anyhow. After it's over, he likes to let his hair down. He had some friends in from Fresno to see him, guys he went to high school with. I spent most of the evening in Gary Gentry's room at the hotel. During the offseason I sang and played a guitar—country-and-western style—at some New York night spots; I had brought my guitar along on the trip. Gary wanted to play it. (I remember Tom's face when he saw me taking the guitar out of my car at the airport back in New York. He let the trunk of his car fly up when he saw it. "Oh, no, not nine days with that," he said. "Sorry, roomie," I said.)

Gentry was singing *El Paso*, and I thought Tom might get a kick out of hearing him. So I dialed our rooms and woke Tom up. It took him awhile to answer the phone. He wasn't in a mood for music at midnight, I learned. But when I told him I was going to go out and get something to eat he asked me if I'd get him a cheeseburger and some French fries.

When I got to the room he was sound asleep. His friends must've worn him out. I saw the aftermath of his reunion with his school chums. The room was a mess: Wine and beer bottles everywhere and the smell of cigar smoke. It probably didn't last long. Tom's a couple-of-beers, beddy-bye type of guy. He'll have a beer in the clubhouse, and one with dinner, and that'll relax him.

Normally, Tom takes a long time to get to sleep after he's pitched. I'm a perfect roommate for him. He has to gear down a little. He has to read for awhile. He still has all those pitches in his head. He'll say, "Roomie, would it bother you if I leave the lights on and read? Bud! Bud!" I'm fast asleep. I fall asleep on buses, and

arrive at airports with a broken neck. I can sleep anywhere. For a guy in Tom's situation—he doesn't have to go to sleep because he's not going to play the next day—he couldn't have it any better. He may pitch and want to read until 2:30 a.m. If I were the kind of guy who needed total darkness there'd be a problem.

Tom likes to read books about history, or something with a message. As a consequence, he got me reading more. He shares his books and has recommended some of them to me like *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* or *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. They're not small books.

Some of the other habits I've acquired from him aren't quite as good as reading. For instance, he's got me smoking cigars in the clubhouse now. He's also got me on a French wine kick. (He's got a wine cellar that he built himself in his home in Greenwich, Connecticut.) And, thanks to him, I'm into eating fancy foods and playing bridge. And yet he still doesn't like my music. I drink his wine but he won't listen to my music. And he has yet to buy his first pair of cowboy boots.

But the reading goes on. On a recent trip Tom was reading *The Boys of Summer*. It's the best-selling book about the Brooklyn Dodgers by Roger Kahn (serialized in four parts by SPORT last fall). There's a part in there about Gil Hodges and we were both eager to read that chapter. Hodges died just before the season began—it shocked us all—and we were interested in knowing what he'd been like as a ballplayer. He was some manager. He'll be with us all season.

Tom and I both think we're going to win this year. He figured out recently that as a team we are at just about the right ages to have our best years. I hadn't thought about it that way, but I believe he's right.

Tom said the baseball strike was a blessing in disguise for us. He said Gil's (*Continued on page 64*)



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# FREE SPORTS ON TV? IS THE END NEAR.



# A government official takes a close look at the love affair between sports and television, and indicates that it may soon be over

BY NICHOLAS JOHNSON  
And Richard E. Brodsky

**T**he average sports fan can ask: "Has television been good for sports?" and not be entirely sure of the correct answer. On the one hand, there are more games than ever on TV—from baseball, football, basketball and hockey to the obscure sports seen only on *Wide World of Sports*. Television has produced expansive and competitive leagues in practically every major sport. Television's techniques have allowed home viewers such a fantastic view of the action on the field that some stadiums are beginning to construct giant TV screens on the field (or in the case of the National Hockey League, in the arena) to provide "instant replay" to those deprived souls who have only two eyes and a \$5.00 seat from which to view the action.

But what price has television (and radio) exacted from the average sports fan? For all the new cities with sports teams like Salt Lake City, Oakland, Atlanta, Minneapolis-St. Paul, there are other cities whose teams have left in the quest of more TV and radio profits—most notably and tragically for baseball, Brooklyn and Washington, D.C. Televised boxing, in the 1950s at least, contributed to the death of the neighborhood boxing club, thereby strangling the supply of talent at the championship level.

Some sports events have actually completely changed their for-

mats to adapt to the demands of the little glass screen. Golf's PGA Championship went from match to medal play to allow for "more dramatic" television. Baseball's World Series will now be played at night during the week to attract a larger television audience. Golf's U.S. Open Championship split its traditional 36-hole finale to make way for two 18-hole days televised on the weekend.

Expansion (or competitive leagues) has produced such teams as the San Diego Padres and the Texas Rangers, the Memphis Pros and the Cleveland Cavaliers, the New York Islanders and the California Golden Seals, the Cincinnati Bengals and the New Orleans Saints—but at what price to the quality of major professional sports? Is today's major league baseball of a quality to match the pre-expansion baseball of the mid-'50s? Certainly the teams of the National Basketball Association are not so well balanced as they were before expansion and before the advent of the ABA, even during the glory days of the Boston Celtics. And despite the seemingly unchallenged reign of Pete Rozelle's NFL, many fans the last few years have begun to complain about the

static quality of pro football—as much the result of TV-produced expansion (and dilution of talent) as of artificial turf and the bomb-killing zone defense.

Many sports fans that I speak to are beginning to ask: "Is there too much sports on TV? Are we overdoing it? Are we becoming so sated with one 'big game' after another that we are ultimately undermining our interest in sports?"

I've always felt that the true sports fan would rather go out to the ballpark than watch the game at home on TV. But the boom in professional sports has created a situation in which the demand for tickets exceeds the supply. So for many fans it's TV or nothing. (Not even the hometown fans of NFL teams get to watch home games on TV, even when sold out weeks in advance: The NFL long ago got Congress' approval to blackout the home teams.)

The question is, how much televised sports is enough? Many pro football fans, even the diehards, are asking whether four TV games on Sunday and one on Monday evening are too many. Media critic Edwin Diamond put it nicely last fall in a commentary aired on WTOP-TV in Washington, D.C.:

"Along about the third quarter of a dull pro football game between two also-rans, a heretical thought came over me. It was the third TV game in two days—six games if you figure in the instant replays. Football nut that I am, I switched channels. The change was rewarding—I saw a lively NBC panel discussion on the White House Conference on Aging. A week later I deserted the struggling Denver Oilers . . . or was it the Houston Broncos . . . for an excellent *CBS Reports* piece on Treasury Secretary John Connally.

"It turns out that other football fanatics are committing similar heresies. The *CBS Reports* show featuring Connally won a rating of 13.2 and an audience share of 24, which means that one in every five TV sets was tuned in. . . . A lot of people (*Continued on page 84*)



Nicholas Johnson is a Commissioner of the Federal Communications Commission, and author of the book, *How To Talk Back To Your Television Set*. Richard Brodsky is his legal assistant.



OLYMPICS '72

# A 400 POUNDER'S OLYMPIAN DREAMS



Chris Taylor's weight is only one of the reasons he may become the first American in 48 years to win the heavyweight wrestling gold medal

BY JOHN O'CONNOR

When the United States Olympic wrestling team files onto the mat in Munich in August, all eyes in the arena will turn toward a mountain of a man named Chris Taylor. This 21-year-old junior from Iowa State University, who is the National Collegiate Athletic Association champion, stands 6-5, weighs a little over 400 pounds, has a 22-inch neck, 60-inch chest, 52-inch waist and wears size 14EEE shoes.

Not since 1924 has an American won the Olympic heavyweight gold medal, but Taylor has an excellent chance, for his amplitude is matched by his ability.

Less than two years ago he was an Iowa State sophomore untested against university competition. At that time, his coach, Dr. Harold Nichols, cautiously allowed as how Taylor "might" be a threat for the national title. As it has turned out Taylor was more of a threat than Nichols supposed. A transferee from Muskegon Junior College in Michigan, he had a very good sophomore year and then followed it with a near-perfect 1971-72 season. Some of Chris Taylor's opponents might have entertained, just for a thrilling moment, the idea that this big, open-faced, pink-jowled lad was some kind of an overblown Raphaelesque cherub. They found out differently.

By the time Taylor and his teammates arrived at the University of Maryland's Cole Field House for the NCAA's national championship tournament in March, "Little Chris-sy" (as some of the ISU men call him) had put away a bumper crop of opponents. In 35 matches he won 24 by pinning his opponent; the only time he failed to win was when he fought to a draw against Oklahoma's Bill Struve. Still, he was a relative newcomer and he went into the tournament seeded third behind defending NCAA champion Greg Wojciechowski of Toledo University.

Taylor pinned his first two opponents and decisioned the next two to bring him into the finals against Wojciechowski, one of whose tournament victories was





against the troublesome Struve.

That night Taylor, sweating heavily from his long warm-up, ambled to the center of the mat. He and Wojo pulled and tugged and felt each other out the first period. In the second period Taylor's power began to tell: He almost made a waffle of Wojo. In the third period Chris escaped from the down-under position with an earth-moving shrug, spun on the champion and took him down. In the last period Wojciechowski, egged on by the chanting crowd, tried to shoot in and axe down the big guy, but the move backfired. Taylor let him come on, then pounced on him like a great cat. Final score: Taylor 6, Wojciechowski 1.

Taylor's win helped Iowa State clinch the NCAA team championship, maintaining the Midwest's dominance in amateur wrestling. If you know about wrestling in America, you automatically think about the corn-belt, about those chore-hardened farmboys who, since the turn of the century, have stamped a village sport with their image. They dominated the pro game before it sold out to burlesque. And even during the years when the pros were legitimate, school wrestling was growing in the corn country.

In high school at his hometown of Dowagiac, Michigan, Chris Taylor had played football as a center and tackle (though the mother of one opponent had circulated a petition against him). Then, when winter rolled around, he turned out for the wrestling team.

"I took everybody by surprise," he recalls. "I won the state championship the first year I competed." He was a junior then, but failed to repeat as a senior. At Muskegon Junior College he won the national JC championship as a freshman—then lost it to a 310 pounder the next year. When he transferred to Iowa State he came in under the tutelage of Harold Nichols who has now led his lads to 26 individual NCAA titles, four NCAA team titles and seven second-place finishes.

Taylor's bulk disguises one of his effective attributes: Speed. It has almost become a cliché in movies for a sudden climactic action (remember *Bonnie and Clyde*) to be presented to the viewer in slow motion. That's the way it is when you try to remember Taylor's explosions. All the huge parts moving, the swelling and contracting of muscles, the quick lateral dance-steps, the lunge, the crunch—it all happens very suddenly, but the mind recalls it in slow motion, unable to reconcile the dominant image of size with the actual speed of the action.

The results of that size and speed can be awesome and frightening. Once they were even tragic.

When Chris was wrestling for Muskegon JC an opponent dove in to try and catch Taylor for that graceful lift known as a fireman's carry, but Chris was braced and came down on him. The boy's neck was broken.

In her home at Dowagiac, Michigan, Chris' mother recalls that her son's grief over this injury almost ended his career. "He took it terribly hard. He was more than just upset," she says. "He'd go to the hospital every day after school to visit the boy. He was awfully sorry, and said he was through. He didn't want any more wrestling. But the boy's parents were awfully good—they talked to Chris and reassured him. Eventually, with his coach's encouragement, he returned to wrestling. But he's never been mean. . . ."

A man his size is, however, almost automatically seen as a Goliath, the terrible giant to be rooted against. George N. Myers, sports editor of the *Seattle Times*, once summed up the world of Chris Taylor as being "populated by staring moppets and rude adults mumbling wisecracks at a discreet distance." At matches kids and high school wrestlers wait near the entrance for Chris to come waddling down to the arena. "Hey, Chris!" they yell, and ask for autographs. But there are others, too: The booers who come to see the

big sequoia felled, who resent the man's victories or feel, out of some mistaken sense of fair play, that Taylor deserves obloquy and derision because nature made him super-sized. Coming off the mat after pinning an opponent in Maryland, somebody threw a snotty remark at him from the safe anonymity of the crowd. A flick of Chris' deep-set eyes revealed he was stung. But he just kept on walking. "I'm used to that," he later said. "Wherever I go I'm cast as the villain."

Chris is blond and rosy complexioned. He has a large frontal forehead bone that forms a solemn precipice over deepset eyes that often glow with a warm, Hoss Cartwright smile. He speaks in a soft, fuzzy-edged baritone, with a bare trace of a Midwest twang. He dates an ISU co-ed named Lynne Hart and likes to dance as well as play baseball, badminton and basketball.

The U.S. Olympic coach, Bill Farrell, believes Chris stands a good chance against the Russians, Bulgarians and Germans who usually dominate the bigger classes. It is possible that Taylor and Alexander Medved, a repeat gold medalist from the USSR, will meet in the heavyweight finals. If so, it will be Taylor's fourth encounter with the Russian. Taylor has yet to beat Medved.

American wrestlers enter international competitions at a distinct disadvantage. Americans wrestle according to our own set of rules, while the rest of the world wrestles another way, called freestyle. But Taylor has the size and the moves to overcome this disadvantage. In last year's world games in Sofia he took second in freestyle and fourth in Greco-Roman (a style in which no holds are permitted below the waist).

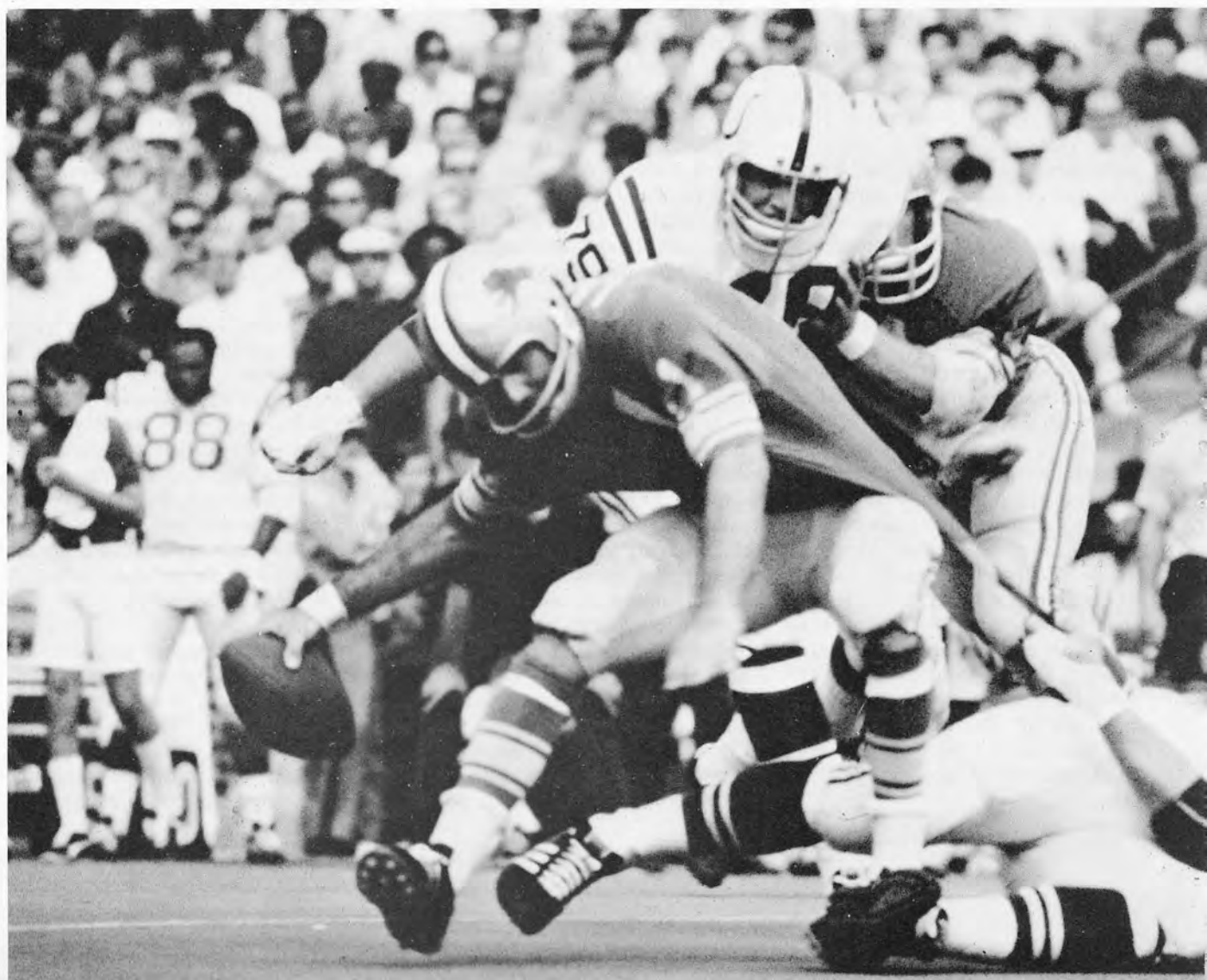
Taylor's biggest problem in wrestling has been the understandable reluctance of opponents to come in close. "Mostly they just stay away from me," he says, wondering at the injustice of it all. Justice may be served at Munich. ■



BY JOHN DEVANEY

See Greg Landry, see  
Greg Landry show you

# HOW TO EXERCISE THE OPTION FOR YARDAGE & FOR MONEY





Greg Landry's voice quivered a little as he talked on the telephone with Joe Whelton, his lawyer back in Nashua, New Hampshire. Joe sensed Greg's tension and worry. "Look, Joe," Greg was saying, "the important thing is that I win the No. 1 job. I got to forget about the negotiations. I got to think only about football."

"You're right," Joe said. He asked how Greg was making out at the Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, training camp of the Lions. Landry said people were talking about the battle between himself and Bill Munson for the No. 1 quarterback job. He said he was feeling pressure from everyone—management, coaches, some of the players—to sign a contract instead of playing out his option for the 1971 season. But he wouldn't sign, Greg told Joe. He was going to gamble that he would win the No. 1 job and have

a great year. "If I have a good year," Landry told his lawyer, "then the Lions will have to give me what we're asking. They can't say I need more experience."

"You know the risks," the lawyer said. Greg said he did. The Lions already had made him an offer close to what he wanted. If he didn't win the No. 1 job and had a bad season, or if he was hurt, the Lions could offer him a lot less money and Greg would have to take it. "That's why I got to concentrate on football," Greg told Joe, "and forget everything else."

In that 1971 season Greg Landry concentrated so well he became the No. 1 Lion quarterback, a Pro Bowl quarterback and a quarterback who broke a record—not a passing record, but a running record. The 6-4, 210-pound Landry was bursting up the middle and skirting the ends for gains as long as 52 yards. He averaged seven yards per carry and finished 14th in the NFC in rushing, ahead of backs like Calvin Hill and Les Josephson, who earn their bread and butter by moving the ball on the ground. All told, Landry rushed for 530 yards, breaking an NFL record for quarterbacks set 21 years ago by Tobin Rote.

He didn't forget what God really made quarterbacks for. He completed 52 percent of his passes, ranking second in the NFC behind Dallas' Roger Staubach. "Pro football is really a passing game," he was telling a writer this spring. "If you got a quarterback who can pass, you put points on the scoreboard. But when you have a quarterback who can run, you give a defense something extra to worry about. And that makes you a more accurate passer. Look at the passers who can run—Staubach, Manning, Tarkenton. They have a high percentage of completed passes."

All that passing and running won Landry the contract he'd been seeking—a three-year deal reported to be worth \$325,000, the most ever

paid to a Lion. And after four years of contesting Bill Munson for the right to start, Landry indisputably was No. 1. "I wouldn't trade Greg for anyone in the National Football League," says Lion offensive coach Bill McPeak.

"Landry gives a new dimension to the Lion offense," Minnesota defensive coach Neill Armstrong was telling a writer recently. "We look upon him as a third running back as well as a passer. He was always a good runner who would run out of the pocket if his pass was shut down. He still will. But now the Lions are using him on the double option. Greg will run along the line and either keep the ball if the defense falls back or pitch it out to halfback Altie Taylor if the defense comes up. That's what makes his running so hard to stop: The running is by design; it's not a forced thing."

"Greg has always liked to run," adds Bill McPeak. "At times it was ridiculous—he'd go back there thinking 'run' first and 'pass' second. Now we are taking advantage of his natural instincts and energies. By putting in the option play—and I think we are the only NFL team using it—we can plan where he is going to run. This way he's more likely to be hit by a 190-pound defensive back instead of those 250-pound linemen who could destroy him."

The writer was sitting with Landry and his fiancée Carroll in a bustling downtown Detroit restaurant. Greg sipped a gin and tonic, put it down and tried to define his role in the Lion offense. "I'm a conventional dropback passer who can run," he said. "I'm not a scrambler. I was. I'm not any more. I gain most of my yards rushing on the option play, not by running out of the pocket. Staubach is probably a better runner than I am—he's more evasive, quicker—but I gained more yards because I was running from planned plays, with blocking in front of me, and he wasn't."

He glanced at the slim, blonde Carroll, who is a TWA stewardess.



Landry, being yanked down from behind, insists, "I'm a conventional dropback passer who can run. I'm not a scrambler."







# THE OPTION

CONTINUED

"You'll have to get used to this," he said to her, smiling and pointing to the interviewer. She laughed, the two of them looking at each other the way people do when they are engaged.

Greg and Carroll could be posing for a photo in *Harper's Bazaar*, the writer thought. They are two of the Beautiful People, the jet setters who spend a weekend in Mallorca, another in Acapulco. Although Landry spent his first 21 years in New Hampshire, he speaks with no trace of a New England accent. The broad a's have rubbed off in a thousand conversations at parties from Hawaii to Mexico City. Greg and Carroll met in Hawaii, she on vacation, he on his way back from a USO trip to Vietnam. In the 18 months since, they had golfed in Palm Springs, played tennis in Mexico City and sunned together on beaches on both shores of the continent—at her parents' home in Seattle, at Greg's beachfront house in Maine.

Landry has a chesty, confident, big-chinned manner—one of those young stockbrokers who knows his way to the best tables at 21, The Pump Room or Scandia. But you can also see some of the Nashua boy still in him. A lock of hair across his forehead and a snub nose make him seem younger than 25. The face reminds the other Lions of TV's Gomer Pyle; their nickname for Greg is Gomer.

He toyed with the gin and tonic. He was sorry he hadn't ordered a beer and a cheeseburger, his usual lunch. But he had to watch his middle; he puts on weight easily after the season. Some of Carroll's friends had seen him on television recently and told her he had gained

weight. Usually when she flew in from Denver she brought him 12-ounce cans of Coors beer, which he relished. Now, he had noticed, she was bringing back those small eight-ounce cans.

And Greg says it was also due to Carroll's initiative that he signed his '72 contract. "If I had waited four or five more days, I would have been a free agent," Greg says. "Maybe I could have gotten better offers from other teams. Then I talked to Carroll on the phone. She said, 'There's just one question you have to consider: Where do you want to play?' I said, 'Detroit.' 'Then you ought to sign,' she said.

"I wanted to sign," Greg adds. "The negotiating had been going on for a year. I told my lawyer: 'Let's stop the nitpicking and sign.' If it had dragged on any longer, it could have become a pride thing with me and the Lions, both of us becoming too stubborn to get together."

A little later, over steak sandwiches, the writer asked Greg to explain the option play. "We use it strictly as a change of pace," he said. "We'll use it maybe four or five times a game. But it stops a defense from stunting; it makes them play a basic defense. And it gives a linebacker, who hasn't seen it since college, something to worry about. He's got three guys coming at him and he doesn't know who is going to end up with the ball.

"The play comes off my basic handoff to Steve Owens. Instead of giving to Owens, I keep the ball. Now, as I ride along the line, I got him in front of me to take any licks from those Bubba Smith-big linemen. That's one thing I like about the play right there. I move toward the sideline. If I see an opening I run. If I get pressure I

pitch back to Altie Taylor, who is cutting outside..."

It worked this way last year when the Lions played the Denver Broncos. Detroit was losing 20-17 with only four minutes left in the game, the ball was on the Lion 40. Landry called the option. He faked giving to Owens, then scuttled along the line to his left. He saw an opening, veered to the outside and sprinted some 50 yards to inside the Bronco 10. From there the Lions scored to win, 24-20.

Two weeks later, against the Chicago Bears, with a 40-mph wind whipping into the Lions' faces, coach Joe Schmidt told Landry, "In the first period we won't throw anything over 15 yards. And we'll only throw on third downs. OK?" In the first series of plays Greg ran to his right, cut through an opening, and sped some 40 yards to the Bear 18. From there the Lions scored to lead at the end of the period 7-0.

Last year the Lions ran and passed for more yardage than any Lion team ever. They ranked second in the NFC in total offense. They scored more points than any NFL team except two. Yet the team finished second in the Central Division with a 7-6-1 record. The writer, after his lunch with Greg and Carroll, sought out Schmidt to ask why the team had not done better.

Seated Buddha-like behind a desk, a cannon of a cigar jutting out of his mouth, the bull-chested former linebacker answered the question in a word. "Defense," he said in a surprisingly soft-voiced way. "That has to improve. Look at the four teams that made our playoffs—Dallas, San Francisco, Minnesota, Washington. They ranked one, two, three, four in defense. We were sixth."

"Last season was a traumatic one for us," Landry was telling the writer the next day, Greg, the writer and Carroll were squeezed into the two bucketseats of Landry's Plymouth Road Runner, given to him by Chrysler for the promo- (Continued on page 64)

**Ignoring pressure from Bob Lilly, No. 74, Greg hands off to Altie Taylor. Last year Landry hit on 52 percent of his passes.**







# Earl Williams: "My Favorite Position Is Batter"

That's the reluctant catcher talking, but one look at his batting stats convinces you he speaks the truth

BY PAUL HEMPHILL

The big news of the spring at West Palm Beach, where the Braves and the Expos shared training facilities, had been his home run of the day before. When Earl Williams hits one, he doesn't fool around. He had been served up a fat belt-high fast-ball and put his 232 pounds behind it and shot it into orbit, the ball kicking up the dust some 20 feet short of second base on the auxiliary diamond beyond the leftfield fence. The Braves' publicist had hustled out to step it off and come back to the press box somberly pronouncing it a 475-foot tape-measure job. Not that anybody was particularly surprised, because in just one season Williams had become the only Brave besides Henry Aaron ever to reach the upper deck of spacious Atlanta Stadium. "Every time Earl hits one like that," somebody said later, "insurance rates go up for opposing third basemen."

Once he became the Braves' regular catcher, there was no stopping Earl. His 33 homers made him Rookie-of-the-Year.

Some 24 hours later he was a tired man. The type who puts on weight just as easily as he takes it off, he was already down 11 pounds in the first two weeks of spring training. At three o'clock in the afternoon he sat in his stall in the clubhouse, puffing a cigaret and draining a Coke, after a morning of running and hitting in the cage. Only an assistant trainer and the equipment man were with him, the others being out in the bright March sun playing against the Expos. "Just think," he said, draping a towel about his dusky thighs, "I could be sitting half-awake in class this minute." He winced as he tenderly inspected a round blue welt on his left shoulder.

"Where'd you get that?"

"Foul tip, I guess. I lost track."

"It's a hazardous business."

"Yeah, well, there'll be more."

"Do you like catching, Earl?"

"Let's put it this way: I like *playing*." He finished off the Coke, belched, and lit another cigaret.

"I didn't go for the idea in a minute, but after sitting on the bench the first five weeks last season I realized just how much I wanted to play. Catching, I'm always tired. A broken finger can put you out for six weeks. It takes away from your hitting, and your career, but if I wasn't catching maybe there wouldn't be a career to worry about. Tell you the truth," he grinned, "my favorite position is batter." They were calling him to the whirlpool now, and he painfully eased up off the bench and limped away to have his damaged body repaired.

Going back a year, to another spring training, it was no secret that the Atlanta Braves were in trouble on the eve of the 1971 major-league baseball season. Overloaded with aging, injury-prone hitters such as Rico Carty and Orlando Cepeda, they had stumbled in 26 games out of first place the year before in the National League's West Division. There was little attention to defense, and the team earned run average had been the Braves' worst display of pitching in 30 years. The club was still paying for several time-consuming and expensive gambles on bonus babies like Arnold Umbach and Bob Taylor in the early Sixties, resulting in a drought in the farm system. There were some good young ones down there at Richmond and Savannah and Greenwood, but, as ex-general manager Paul Richards says, "It takes five-and-a-half years from the day you sign a kid until he's ready to win for you."

One of the weakest positions of all was catching, which had been suffering ever since Richards traded away an unhappy Joe Torre to St. Louis for Cepeda at the beginning of the '69 season. For the 1971 season the Braves' catching looked like it would be jointly handled by a couple of fellows named Bob Didier and Hal King, the former an erratic defensive specialist and the latter a wild-swinging hitter. The pitching staff was in enough trouble already (Continued on page 88)



**Richie Phillips  
works small miracles  
for the likes of  
Hal Greer, Wally  
Jones and Howard  
Porter. In the  
process, he has  
become a father  
to them all**

**BY JIM BARNIAK**

**Y**ou can't help but notice the ball. Right there on a desk littered with legal briefs and portfolios and the yellow scratch pads typical of any law office. A red, white and blue basketball, mounted on a red quoit. It is, of course, the official basketball of the American Basketball Association. But for Richie Phillips, the ball looms as a cherished reminder of what were perhaps the most intriguing contract negotiations ever in sports. "The greatest contract in the history of sports," said Phillips at the time, never being one to regard his own talents meekly.

This was in the spring of '71 when Phillips, rather by accident, found himself entangled in the bizarre affairs of Villanova basketball star Howard Porter. After slicing through a labyrinth of red tape that stretched from one coast to the other, attorney Phillips final-

ly reached the negotiating table with the NBA Chicago Bulls, much like Stanley locating Livingston, one can presume.

"It was me on one side of the table and five Chicago lawyers on the other," he recalls. "One day, this one guy, Morrie Leibman it was, a real card, pounds his fist on the desk and screams, 'Okay, let's get down to the moral and ethical values here.' He flips on a pair of glasses and, right there on the lenses, he's pasted a couple of dollar signs.

"I got back at him the next day. I walked in carrying this big brown bag. I start pulling out all my papers and things, then I blow their minds. I reach in and pull out the big old, red, white and blue ball. 'This gentleman,' I say, 'is the issue here.'"

Strangely enough, only two months before Phillips admittedly had known little of the issues of pro basketball nor if the ball itself was inflated with air or stuffed with money. He had been working out of the Philadelphia District Attorney's office as a chief of homicide and as an acting chief of frauds. Thus, a few cynical friends were to remind him, he wasn't going into pro basketball cold.

At the time, the Howard Porter mess was already big sports news in Philadelphia. After Porter led Villanova to a spectacular near-miss in the NCAA finals against UCLA, the story began to pick up national attention. It had been reported (and later substantiated) that

Porter had signed a professional contract with the ABA in December of his senior year, guaranteeing him \$350,000 over seven years, plus a \$15,000 bonus and a new car. The contract was arranged through a New York attorney.

What was not widely known, however, was that Porter had later aligned himself with another agent, from the West Coast. After Porter's spectacular showing in the NCAA tournament, the West Coast agent was convinced Porter's value had doubled and so began dangling his client in front of the NBA. The Chicago Bulls, despite the rumors that Porter was bound for the ABA and the Pittsburgh Condors, drafted him on the second round. Meanwhile, the agent went to work on negotiating a multi-year contract for Porter worth \$875,000. However, Chicago Bulls' general manager Pat Williams wanted some assurances first that Porter wasn't legally bound to the other league. The agent and the player both hedged.

"There were so many alligators in the swamp it was unbelievable," says Williams. "I told Porter that he would have to go home and get somebody to dig him out of this mess. Frankly, I never thought I'd ever see the kid again. Then, the next day, I get a call from Richie Phillips. I'd never heard of the guy. Friends of mine in Philly said, 'Oh yeh, The Bear. The Bear will straighten this mess out.'"

Phillips' only previous contacts with college basketball were as an

# THE WHEELINGS & DEALINGS OF A PLAYER AGENT



occasional fan at Villanova, his alma mater, and in his official capacity as an assistant D.A. In the fall, he addressed players from Philadelphia's Big Five, informing them of the various unsavory characters and pitfalls that could influence their college basketball careers. One of the listeners, of course, was Porter.

"The man was up there talking about all the bad dudes," says Porter. "I figured he knew what was happening. When I left Chicago and went back to Philly, I figured he was my man."

Phillips was intrigued by Porter's story and as a former footballer at Villanova and a bit of a frustrated jock, the idea of getting back into sports seemed an exciting challenge. The first order of business was to shield Porter from his previous agents and the bloodhound press. He moved the player into the third floor of his home in the Overbrook section of Philadelphia. It was not an easy place to conceal a six-eight black man, but with tight-lipped cooperation from the neighbors, Phillips pulled it off.

He then scoured his law books and came away convinced that there was enough to make a case for Porter's liberation from the ABA and the agents. "Because someone's name appears on a piece of paper, it does not necessarily constitute a contract," he said later. "A contract is a meeting of the minds; two parties make an agreement whereby each party assumes an awareness of what they're becoming involved in. It is done freely and without false representation or duress. I saw in Howard's case all sorts of infirmities."

Breaking the contract with the ABA became a relatively easy thing. Chicago wanted Porter badly, to the point of providing the Condors and the agents with a cornucopia of goodies attractive enough to keep the whole mess out of court.

It was, as Phillips was the first to admit, a hell of a contract, and he did little to keep the terms a secret. Porter received a bonus of



Waving that ABA ball in front of NBA owners, Phillips keeps player client-friends like Wally Jones happily secure.



\$100,000 from Chicago. His salary over a five-year period will average out to \$220,000 per year. There is a stipulation that Mrs. Ada Mae Porter, the player's mother, shall receive \$10,000 for ten years. There are a number of incentive clauses that could provide for as much as an additional \$50,000. Add it up and you get \$1,350,000. Throw in Phillips' fee and you are very close to the \$1.5 million figure that made headlines at Porter's signing.

Phillips returned to Philadelphia from Chicago gushing as if he had just crossed the Atlantic in a canoe. He had previously been considering abandoning the DA's office for a private law practice and the Porter Caper served to bring his enthusiasm to a boil. Three weeks later he was moving into his own office. But before he could get his symbolic red, white and blue ABA ball mounted with the elegance such a trophy demanded, there came a phone call from Hal Greer, the Philadelphia 76ers' veteran guard.

Greer, who had previously represented himself in negotiations, was 35 years old and in the final days of a contract worth \$100,000, which he had wrangled easily from the 76ers' compassionate owner, Irv Kosloff. But the 76ers had named Don DeJardin as their general manager in the interim and he was far less sympathetic toward the declining Greer. DeJardin was quoted as saying that Greer was up for trade. Meanwhile, Greer wanted a raise, citing his record of having played in more games than any other player in NBA history and 13 years of dedicated, never-make-any-waves service. When he got nowhere with DeJardin, he went to Phillips.

The idea of a contract hassle with Greer ate at owner Kosloff's stomach, but he could not, publicly anyway, interfere with DeJardin. Kosloff has always enjoyed a rapport with his players and the pride swells into goose bumps whenever alumni like Wilt Chamberlain or Chet Walker come back to town. He could not stand the loss of another loved one.



# PLAYER AGENT

CONTINUED

Phillips and Kosloff dodged DeJardin and discussed the Greer case on the sly. The sentiment ran so thick that Kosloff was an easy mark. Greer was given a two-year contract worth \$270,000 and was named the 76ers' assistant coach.

Greer immediately spread the word to Wally Jones, who was also having trouble negotiating with DeJardin. The season began with Jones receiving a contract from the 76ers that called for \$45,000, a ten percent cut. It was a significant jolt in a festering personality conflict between DeJardin and Jones. A trade seemed imminent, but the player doubted the 76ers were trying very hard to deal him, preferring instead to wait him out in the contract dispute.

Jones, a schoolmate of Phillips at Villanova, remembered the man they called "The Bear" as an overgrown tackle on the football team, who was always hustling up various sideline ventures—selling sports jackets or promoting jazz concerts. But the character references from Greer—punctuated with the six-figure \$ in his and Porter's contracts—were irresistible.

Phillips insisted that Jones hold out. Meanwhile, he worked out a deal with the Carolina Cougars, the major stipulation being that in getting Jones the Cougars would agree to drop their suit against the 76ers' Billy Cunningham. DeJardin wanted no part of the action. Later, the Cougars won the Cunningham suit.

When the season looked as if it would come and go without Wally Jones, Phillips dashed off a memo to the 76ers with a copy going to NBA commissioner Walter Kennedy. It said in part: "Wally Jones wishes to earn a living as a professional basketball player. If the 76ers organization forecloses him from doing so, I will pursue all

avenues to remedy the situation."

"One of the things I got going for me," says Phillips, "I'm not afraid to go to court. I'd have gone all the way with Howard. I wanted to take on the whole NBA with Wally. I knew one thing. I shook up a few people."

The letter—with its threat of court action—was a lever that pried open doors previously closed to Jones. The Milwaukee Bucks began showing interest in Wally. They saw in him an exciting floor leader with the potential to spell Oscar Robertson or shadow the opposition's best scoring guard. So Phillips bombarded the Bucks' front office with research that showed his client always performed spectacularly against the Bucks and against the likes of the Lakers' Gail Goodrich and the Bulls' Bob Weiss, two opponents of major concern to the Bucks. He was sharpening his bargaining tools.

Eventually, Jones was traded to the Bucks for "future considerations," which really amounted to "a player to be named later." The real story, however, was in Jones' contract. The player was given a four-year, no-cut, no-trade deal. His salary last season, even though he missed 31 games while holding out, was \$65,000, plus his share of the playoff revenue. By the 1974-75 season, Jones will be earning over \$100,000 in salary. Not bad for an insurance guard.

After three contracts, Richie, The Bear, was coming off like the King Midas of negotiators. The track record seemed incredible. And when close friends were dubious of the figures they read in the newspapers, Phillips swore heatedly that they were accurate. The vision of the guy at the bargaining table was of this 6-2, 260-pound grizzly about to claw and devour the opposition at the first sign of disagreement.

"Nah, he's more of a panda than

a grizzly," says the Bulls' GM Pat Williams. Considering that Phillips' stable contains three Bulls (Porter, Clifford Ray, and Norm Van Lier), the response was rather startling. "You can't help but like and admire the guy," Williams explains. "He's a very persuasive bargainer and a tireless worker, that much is evident right off. He tends to wear you down. But you also learn right away that he's very much for the kid."

"He's not one of the agents who comes in at contract time, then disappears. He becomes like a father to these kids. He manages their money. He buys homes for them. He attends their every personal need. Frankly, I don't know how he gets time to do it, but from our standpoint, he's a great guy to have around. The signing of Porter was filled with so much intrigue and excitement I'm sure it had an effect on our season ticket sales. I'm not sure that our investment hasn't already paid itself off. Then, I look at Porter as one of the NBA's fine young forwards. Of the young forwards, the only ones I'd take over Howard are Spencer Haywood or Sidney Wicks."

The father-son relationship that Phillips prefers with his clients is best exhibited by Cliff Ray, who showed much promise as a rookie center with the Bulls last season. Ray and Porter became friends in Chicago. Unlike Porter, Ray had slipped into the league almost unnoticed from the University of Oklahoma, having been signed to a modest, first-year contract. He was a soft-spoken, good natured kid from a small town in South Carolina and though the sudden burst into the big city had its glamour, it was also in many ways frightening. He needed somebody to confide in and trust. Porter told Ray about his fabulous contract, what Phillips was able to do for his mother, how Phillips helped him buy a car, find an apartment and manage his money. Shortly thereafter, Ray was in the family. Literally. On a day last spring, there was a (Continued on page 85)



“Fish Story”



# How good it is

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...how good it is!  
Yes, Winston tastes good like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That  
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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.





**A** Vic Hadfield story: It was a few years ago; I was working for a metropolitan daily, I was covering the New York Rangers and I was desperate for a story. So I decided to call a herein anonymous Ranger—oh, hell, it was Larry Jeffrey—and we would talk for a few minutes and I would get something, anything, please, to write about.

"Uh, hello, Larry," I said, and I told him who I was, I mentioned my affiliation, I told him I'd like to talk for a few minutes about, uh, penalty-killing.

"It's you, huh Vic?"

"No, Larry, it's me. From the paper."

"C'mon, Vic, it's you, isn't it? You can't fool me. It's you, isn't it?"

A few more "no"s, and then I told him that I was at the paper, he could call the paper, he could ask for me and that should prove it to him. So we hung up, he called back, he appeared satisfied that I was me and we talked for about 20 minutes.

"Well, Larry, thanks a lot for taking the time out to talk to me."

"Hey," Larry said, a conspiratorial air to his voice, "it's over now, you can tell me now. It's OK. It's you, Vic, isn't it?"

That was Vic Hadfield's reputation: A guy who would imitate reporters on the phone, who would nail your skates to the floor, who would blow sneezing powder around the hotel lobby, who would switch all the false teeth down the line of bridgework cups. . . . The public image, well-earned, was of an easygoing guy who didn't let his profession, hockey of the jour-

neyman variety, interfere with his fun. As the 1971-72 season opened, he was beginning his 11th season in the NHL. For the first six of them, his sights were set on 20 goals, the number that separates the figure skaters from the men. With luck, perhaps he could reach 30. For his first ten seasons, he had averaged under 16 goals a season. A super year, an astronomical one, would have been 40 goals.

"I always thought he was a 30-goal scorer," says Rangers' coach Emile Francis. "Thirty goals, that would be a good year from him. With 35, I'd have been more than satisfied."

"I always thought I could score," Hadfield adds. "But there were always things, injuries and like that. Still, I always thought of myself as a 30-goal scorer at least."

Then two things happened to change the joker, journeyman image: Vic Hadfield got serious; Vic Hadfield scored 50 goals. Only five men in the history of the NHL had ever scored 50 goals in one season. Ten years ago, when only the legendary Maurice Richard had done it, it was a magical number, blood brother to Babe Ruth's 60. It had a mythic quality to it—a physical possibility, but still somehow unobtainable. Since then, Hull and Esposito had cracked the barrier, yet even the great Gordie Howe had never scored more than 49 in a season. Could Vic Hadfield accomplish what Gordie Howe hadn't?

It is April 2, game No. 78, the final game of the regular season for the Rangers. New York is stuck,

**As aggressive as they come, Vic Hadfield battles his way to the opposing net—then dares the defensemen to move him.**

unmovable, in second place. Montreal, the opponent, can only be a third-place team. Nothing can happen here in Madison Square Garden today. Still, the feeling is electric. Vic Hadfield has 48 goals.

It's the middle of the second period and Ranger defenseman Brad Park picks up the puck along the right boards, in Montreal's end. He skims it ahead to Rod Gilbert, at the right corner of the net. Denis DeJordy, the Montreal goalie, picks out Gilbert through the corner of the eye-slit in his mask. He slides quickly over, putting no space between himself and the goalpost. He brings his heavily laden arms up, a karate posture.

But as soon as DeJordy has started his move, Gilbert moves, too. Right in front of DeJordy, tantalizingly close but just out of reach, almost in slow motion, Gilbert passes the puck to the other corner of the net.

Hadfield is *there*, where he's been all season. ("Just practicing my chip shots," he describes it.) He has fought off one defenseman, then another, and now he is *there*, by the net, alone, with the puck on his stick. This turf is his, he has claimed it. Without hesitating, without letting the puck settle, he nudges it forward, into the nets for goal No. 49.

"Now I was really thinking about it. Boy was I thinking about it. I don't think I was pressing before, even though I might have been. But oh yeah, did I start to press then."

It is a (Continued on page 92)

# When Vic Hadfield Got Serious

In the old days he was renowned as a fighter. Now he's renowned as a scorer. The transformation was deliberate

BY NEIL OFFEN







Wood was a journeyman pitcher until Hoyt Wilhelm convinced him to concentrate on the knuckler.

Now, after winning 22 games last year and anchoring the White Sox staff, he feels he can do anything—including pitching both ends of a doubleheader BY AL HIRSHBERG

# Wilbur Wood & The Art Of The Knuckleball

You look at Wilbur Wood's broad shoulders and solid six-foot frame and if you didn't know otherwise you would think he won 22 games for the White Sox last year by overpowering hitters with a blazing fastball and an exploding curve. But it's not power that made Wood the anchorman of the Chicago staff. This chubby faced competitor with a soft Boston accent plucked himself from the jaws of oblivion by learning to control baseball's most delicate and baffling pitch—the knuckleball.

Wood is the natural heir to and indeed the product of the ageless Hoyt Wilhelm, who went south last spring with the Dodgers on the eve of his 49th birthday. Except for Wilhelm, Wood today might be commuting between his Lexington home and a nine-to-five job in downtown Boston. Or, if he were still in baseball after seven years of

mediocrity, he would be winning in the minors and losing in the majors as he had been doing before he mastered the knuckler.

Because of Wilhelm, life as a star is beginning at 30 for Wood. He will make \$60,000 this season and more each succeeding season, and God knows where it will all end. By perfecting the one legal pitch that drives good hitters up the ivy, Wood, barring utter disaster, can look down the long, wide road of a prosperous future which could last ten to 15 years.

Wilhelm was with the White Sox when Wood joined them in 1967 after a winning season with Columbus in the International League the year before. The old knuckleball master went right to work making a new one of the then 26-year-old journeyman ballplayer who had already pitched for nine teams in seven years without making much

impression on any of them.

"The first thing Wilhelm did after I approached him for help was ask how long I had been monkeying with the knuckler," Wood recalled. "When I told him I had been using it off and on since junior high school in Belmont, Massachusetts, he was satisfied."

That was lesson one: *Don't try to throw the knuckleball as an adult unless you threw it as a kid.*

"This," says Wood, "is why so many older pitchers fail with the knuckler. Most of them are over 30 when they first try it. At that age, there's no way you can control the knuckler as a brand new pitch."

Asked why, Wood shrugged and said, "That's what I asked Hoyt. He said he didn't know. I have long since learned that if he doesn't know, nobody does. He is not an authority on the knuckleball. He's the authority. No man, living or







dead, ever knew as much about that pitch as Hoyt Wilhelm."

Wood soon learned lesson two from the Book of Wilhelm: *Don't try to be a part-time knuckleball pitcher. There ain't no such animal.*

"Hoyt never told me to drop my other pitches," Wood said. "He just said to throw the knuckler 90 percent of the time—that I'd lose it if I didn't."

So Wood throws his knuckler 90 percent of the time. The other ten percent he throws a fastball that looks faster now than it did, and a curve which now seems to break sharper than it used to.

"The fastball is no faster and the curve doesn't break any sharper," Wood explained. "They just look faster and *seem* to break sharper to hitters who have gone half nuts looking at knucklers."

Lesson three: *Never let the ball spin. It won't if you throw it over-*

*hand and straight without breaking the wrist.* (Rookie Burt Hooten of the Cubs has made quite a noise this season with a pitch that is thrown with a knuckleball grip but with a breaking motion that causes it to spin. This is not a true knuckleball; it is a new pitch—or the closest thing the majors have seen to a new pitch in some time—and is now generally known as a knuckle curve.)

"Keeping the ball from spinning has been my biggest problem," Wood said. "When you learn to do that you have just about mastered the pitch."

Lesson four: *Throw every day.*

"The only times I ever threw every day were in the bullpen," Wood said. "Even there, I would sometimes miss a day if I had worked relief the day before. But then, with Hoyt's encouragement, I never missed a day, whether I

**"I have no idea what any pitch of mine will do," says Wood of his knuckleball. "All I want is to get it over the plate."**

worked long relief or not. And now that I'm a starting pitcher, I still don't miss a day."

Wood didn't really need lesson five: *Don't panic if your knuckler isn't working today. It will come back tomorrow.* Wood never panics. From the day he signed a Red Sox farm contract for a reported bonus of \$30,000 right after he graduated from Belmont High School in 1960, he has always been the calmest man on the ballfield, even when things were going sour. And before he became a knuckleball pitcher Wood's baseball career was a classic of futility. His control, very good from the start, helped him in the minors, where he could get by with that, a fair fastball, a fair curve and a fair change. But it ruined him in the



# The Knuckleball

CONTINUED

majors, where it was too good. Good control without enough speed or deception made Wood a patsy for big-league hitters who knew their business.

The Red Sox first brought Wood up near the end of the 1961 season, after he had struck out more than three times as many men as he walked (103 strikeouts, 33 walks) at Winston-Salem in the Carolina League. Only 19 years old, Wood had no chance to make it in Boston, and he started the 1962 season with York in the Eastern League.

Once again he looked good as a minor-leaguer. He led the Eastern in innings pitched, with 219, had a 15-11 won-lost record and a reasonable earned run average of 2.84. But his most impressive statistic, as it had been at Winston-Salem, was his ratio of strikeouts to walks. While not quite three to one, it was close, for Wood struck out 178 and walked only 62. He spent the last few weeks of the season back in Boston, but appeared in only one game.

The Red Sox sent him to Seattle in the Pacific Coast League for the 1963 season, but they were watching him closely. "We felt all he needed was experience," said Ed Kenney, now Red Sox director of minor-league clubs, and at that time assistant farm director. "He had improved every year in faster and faster minor-league company. He was big enough to get more zip on his fastball and his control was outstanding. But he never developed and the Pirates picked him up after we sent him to the minors for the third time."

As usual, Wood looked great in the minors and no better than fair in the majors. He led the Pacific Coast League in 1964 and the International League in 1966 in complete games, but got nowhere with the Pirates. They sold him to the

White Sox at the end of the 1966 season.

It was then that Wood realized he'd never be a major-leaguer by depending on conventional pitches. But that realization didn't shake his confidence; he just decided he'd have to find another route to success, which meant another pitch.

Nothing can really shake Wood's confidence. Although not a braggart, he is sure he can do anything within reason—like pitching and winning both ends of a doubleheader. The possibility of duplicating a stunt that hasn't been pulled in nearly half a century (Emil Levens of Cleveland did it last in 1926) first occurred to Wood after a loss. When he dropped the first game of a doubleheader to the Yankees in New York, 3-2, one day last summer White Sox manager Chuck Tanner told him to do as he pleased during the second game.

"If I had won the first I could pitch it," Wood said.

"You nuts?" Tanner said.

"No kidding. I feel as if I hadn't pitched."

"Well next time you win the first, maybe you can pitch the second if you feel like it."

"Later," Tanner said, "we actually announced Wilbur would pitch both games of a doubleheader in Boston if he won the first, but he didn't. We'll never announce it again or even talk with Wilbur about it in advance. But some day after winning one, we'll just let him go out and work the second if he wants to. I'm sure he could do it."

Wood thinks anyone can do it if conditions are right. "It all depends on the length of the first game," he said. "If a guy doesn't have a lot of walks and strikeouts or full counts so he throws less than a hundred pitches, he should be able to come back for the second game.

It doesn't matter what kind of pitcher he is."

While that may be debatable, there's no question that a knuckleball pitcher could do it after a quick first game. Once mastered, the knuckler is easier on the arm than any other pitch. This and the fact that Wood is young and strong would make it quite possible for him to match Levens's feat of 46 years ago.

There are few knuckleball specialists in the big leagues today, and all but Wood and Phil Niekro of the Braves are relief pitchers. Niekro was the first major-league knuckleballer in history to win 20 games—he won 23 in 1969—and Wood was the second. Wilhelm never won more than 15. And in those early seasons of his career Wilhelm was not exclusively a knuckleball pitcher. Only after he dropped all his other pitches did he become one of the most consistent relievers baseball ever knew.

Wood himself had been the game's busiest and best relief pitcher before the White Sox made him a starter last season. Even then he fell into the club's regular pitching rotation by accident. If Joe Horlen had not had knee surgery the day before the season began, the best Wood could have hoped for was an occasional chance as a spot starter. Tommy John, Tom Bradley, Bart Johnson and Horlen were the four regulars.

With Horlen out, Wood moved in as the fourth man. Long before the season ended he was the ace of the White Sox staff and one of the top three pitchers in the American League. Only Oakland's Vida Blue and Detroit's Mickey Lolich won more games and only Blue had a better earned run average.

Cold statistics explain what Wood really means to the White Sox as a starter instead of a reliever. Last year he pitched 334 innings, the most for a White Sox pitcher since 1917 and more than half Wood's own total for the previous four seasons. His 22 victories were more than any other White Sox pitcher had won in a dozen



years. His 210 strikeouts helped the pitching staff break a club record and left Wood third in the 71-year history of the team. His 1.91 ERA was the lowest for a White Sox starter in more than half a century.

Aside from his outstanding statistics and the knuckler itself, Wood is distinct among pitchers in several other respects. He works very rapidly, never wasting a moment. He rarely goes to the resin bag. He often gets the side out on astonishingly few pitches. And instead of starting strong and weakening later, something many pitchers do, Wood starts slowly and comes on strong. The reason is that he depends on precise control which, for him, usually takes about an inning of actual competition to develop. Other pitchers depend on the power and strength which they have in abundance when fresh.

Wood pitched a typical Wilbur Wood game when the White Sox opened this year's delayed season at Kansas City on April 15. Steve Hovley, the game's leadoff man for the Royals, bled a single through the infield and Paul Schaal, the second batter, reached on an error, a mess that Wood promptly pitched his way out of. Hovley was cut down trying to steal third, Cookie Rojas was an infield out and Lou Piniella popped up.

With all that activity, Wood threw only 15 pitches to the four batters he faced in the first inning. Counting the last two outs of the first inning, he retired ten men in a row before Piniella doubled off him in the fourth. The ten outs took only 31 pitches.

For eight innings, Wood and Dick Drago of the Royals were locked in a scoreless tie, broken by Dick Allen's homer in the White Sox ninth. Wood blew his

chances for the victory when, with two out in the Royals' ninth, he hung a knuckler on Bob Oliver and the Kansas City outfielder, who had eight homers in 1971, belted one into the seats to tie the game. Wood got Jerry May on a popup to finish the ninth, then left for a pinch-hitter in the White Sox tenth with the score tied at 1-1. Neither he nor Drago were around when the Royals won in the 11th.



**Last year Wood won 22 games with a 1.91 earned run average. Now he wants to win both ends of a doubleheader.**

The nine innings Wood pitched took a shade over two hours to play, during which he threw but 92 pitches. He got the Royals out once on six pitches, twice on seven and twice on eight. Only in the fifth, when he threw 17 pitches (he had two strikeouts and Bobby Floyd fouled off a couple) did Wood

throw more than the 15 it had taken him to get through the first. His control was so close to perfect that he walked only one man and fanned five. Except for Oliver's homer, all of the seven hits he gave were bleeders or Texas Leaguers just out of reach of somebody. One was a bunt. If anyone in addition to Allen had provided Wood with offensive support he would have won in nine easy innings.

Because of his control and the ease of throwing the knuckleball, Wood's strength is the strength of two. "We can get along with a rotation of three starting pitchers if we have to," says Tanner. "Wood, two other guys, and Wood. He pitched with only two days' rest 14 times last year. Won most of his games and had an ERA of around 1.00."

Wood doesn't see anything unusual about that. Neither does Johnny Sain, the pitching coach who helped Tanner make the decision to transform Wood from a reliever to a starter. Sain knows all about pitching with two days' rest. He and Warren Spahn pitched the 1948 Boston Braves to the pennant by sharing most of the work that September. The late Boston sports columnist, Johnny Gillooly, immortalized the two in doggerel verse by attributing the club's success to "Spahn and Sain and a day of rain."

While disclaiming credit for Wood's unexpected success, Sain, generally acknowledged as the best pitching coach in baseball, does help Wood correct basic mistakes when things go wrong. "I never threw a knuckler, but otherwise Wood's method of pitching is very similar to mine," Sain says. "He varies speeds, as I did. He depends on breaking pitches rather than power in tough situations, as I did. He can (*Continued on page 86*)



# 26 Quarterbacks Name BY DAVE BRADY THE MOST FEARED MIDDLE LINEBACKERS

The specter of Dick Butkus hovers yet over the National Football League, despite the recent handicap of a traitorous knee. The clear evidence, after a survey of NFL quarterbacks, is that Butkus remains king of the hill.

The quarterbacks were asked which middle linebacker they feared the most. Predictably, some reacted chauvinistically to the word "fear," declaring they did not fear any. By withholding opinions, some older heads were paying a tacit respect to the man who is the symbol of defensive leadership, out of fear of antagonizing him. Others let it all hang out, admitting they have, indeed, been terror-stricken.

In football, of course, the middle linebacker is regarded pretty much like the heavyweight boxing champion of the world—he can handle any man in the house, size, savvy, or speed notwithstanding. He is the centerpiece between the two bookends who runs with the bulls funneled in the heavy traffic up the middle chute.

Butkus did not have one leg to stand on last season but he endured. He was the talk of the sport for a whole week last year, after he personally defeated the Washington Redskins, 16-15. The high point of the drama came when he evolved from blocking back to impromptu receiver on a messed-up extra-point play that he salvaged. But it was a symptom of his total involvement when he remembered in the pinch that he was an eligible receiver after quarterback Bobby Douglass chased down a wild snap from the center. It was a further

illustration of his complete attention to detail when he took care to report, before the entire situation developed, that he was wearing a number not ordinarily worn by a back or receiver, thus safeguarding his eligibility to catch the ball. And in other big plays that contributed to the victory, he knocked the Redskins' Charley Harraway out of the game with a crashing tackle, batted down passes and choked off vital first downs when the Redskins strove to overcome his decisive catch.

The quarterbacks are rather sophisticated as a genre but the 26 we talked to were not at all low key in their tributes to the middle linebackers, their sworn enemies in the combat area. And many of them spoke frankly, without fear of retaliation. Some, for instance, made it clear that they felt Butkus was a relic of the past style of linebacking, or irretrievably handicapped by his slowing pace and swelling injuries. These opinions helped to increase the support for Mike Curtis of the Baltimore Colts, Willie Lanier of the Kansas City Chiefs and Mike Lucci of the Detroit Lions, among the middle linebackers attracting the most respect. Some retired and about-to-be-retired middle linebackers also left their imprints on quarterbacks whose careers have spanned a generation gap.

Butkus received ten unqualified tributes as the best active middle linebacker and ten mentions with others. Curtis and Lanier each received four clear-cut superlatives, but Curtis got ten mentions and

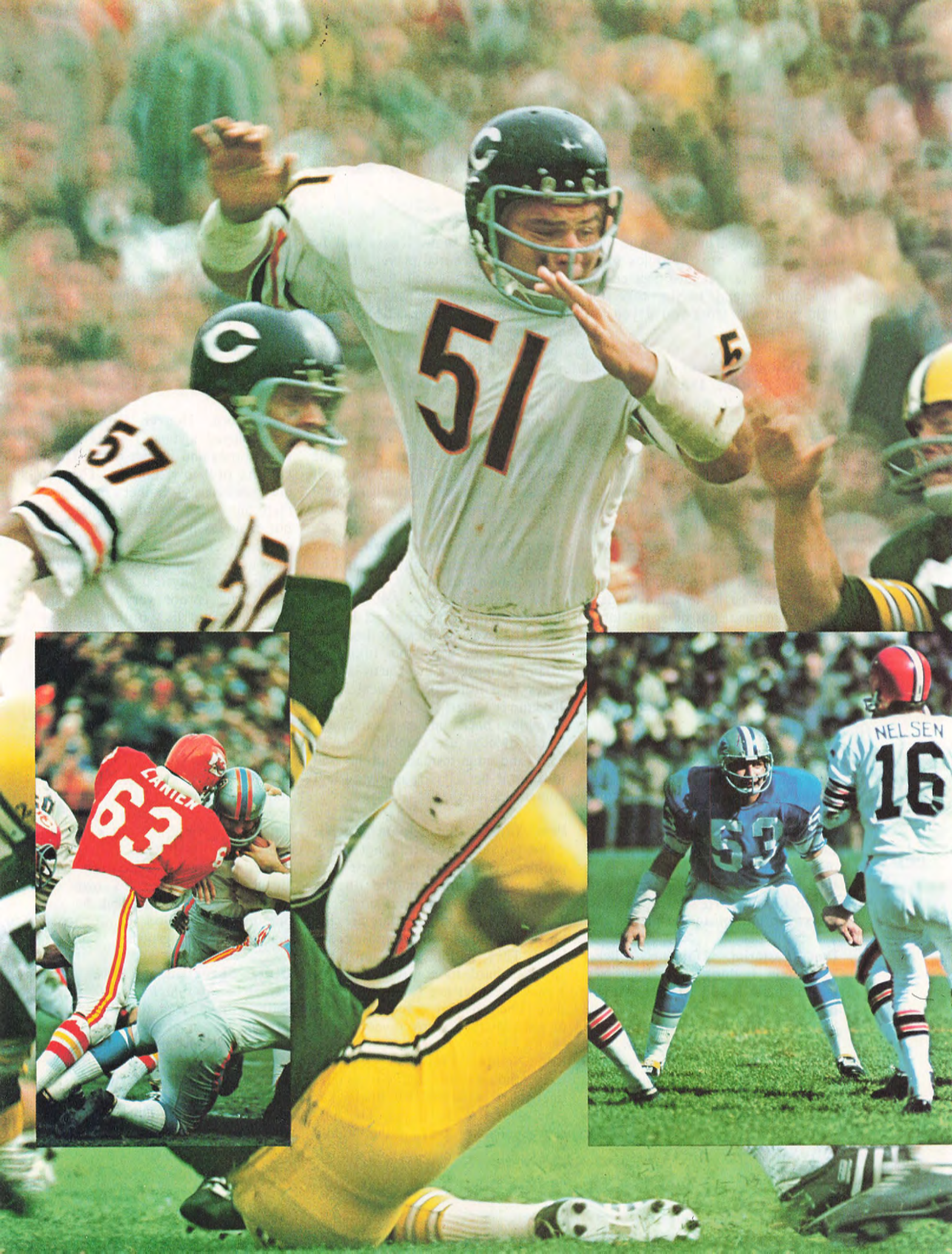
Lanier six. Lucci twice was cited as the best, along with ten mentions. Nick Buoniconti of the Miami Dolphins was accorded nine mentions and Lee Roy Jordan of the Dallas Cowboys seven. Here, then, is what 26 quarterbacks have to say about their chief tormentors:

**Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh Steelers:** "I played against two guys who really had me psyched out—Butkus and Curtis. Butkus is like a thumb in the eye. He intimidated me before we even played the game. I will never let him do that again. . . . Curtis is as good and maybe better. He and I ran into each other head-on and he stung me pretty good. He did not yell as much as Butkus but he is hard-nosed and aggressive as all git-out. . . . Bill Bergey at Cincinnati is a good one, too."

**Jim Plunkett, New England Patriots:** "Of course, I did not play against that many middle linebackers; it was only my first season. But there is Mike Curtis. Just looking at that guy across the line of scrimmage scares you a little. He is tough, he hits, and when he does, he puts everything into it. I like to stay away from that guy as much as possible the way he gambles and blitzes. . . . Nick Buoniconti is smart. He blitzes at just the right time. If the guards are going to pull, he seems to know it beforehand and shoots the gap. He is always in the right spot to meet an

**A one-legged Butkus last year was still the best, said the quarterbacks. They also liked Willie Lanier and Mike Lucci.**







# LINEBACKERS

CONTINUED

offensive play. The ones who give me the trouble are the quick guys, who can move, get into pass coverage quickly and maybe take the tight end away from you if you are going to him."

**Len Dawson, Kansas City Chiefs:** "In our division, Dan Conners of the Raiders gives me more problems than anyone else because he has been at it longer and knows us very well. He is a kind of quarterback; he is very heady. He is not physically of the type of Lanier or Butkus; he does not have their size or strength. But he is outstanding from sideline to sideline on runs and good on pass defense. . . . Lee Roy Jordan is a fine one, too. You might think he is not able to handle big linemen, but he is outstanding at reading offenses, has great speed and is very good laterally. On passes, he gets greater depth than Lanier or Butkus. On sweeps and passes, Jordan is tougher."

**John Hadl, San Diego Chargers:** "I would say the toughest and smartest are Willie Lanier and Dan Conners, consistently so. Lanier may be better physically but Conners is tough, too, and truly smart. Like Lucci, he is always in the right place and has been around a long time. . . . Buoniconti is smart and so quick-footed. He's terrific against the sweep and off-tackle plays."

**Dan Pastorini, Houston Oilers:** "The one I think who impresses me the most is Mike Lucci. Maybe because he is a good *paesano*. Seriously, whether it was because I was a rookie, I don't know, but he intimidated me. He intercepted a pass and generally gave me a hard time. He has such mobility and range and is so quick he can wait longer before reacting. Like

on a draw, I showed pass and he waited to be sure, played it safe. . . . Curtis does it well, too. . . . My first start in pro ball was in an exhibition against Butkus. I had heard so much about him that he scared the hell out of me."

**Joe Namath, New York Jets:** "One, I don't want to rate the middle linebackers; I don't want to get those people upset. Two, I have not really played that much the last two years, so I should not do it anyhow. Get hold of Number One." (He meant Bob Davis, so we did.)

**Bob Davis, New York Jets:** "Lanier is the most physical and he is the smart one, too. . . . Buoniconti reads keys so well and he does not gamble as much as he did when he was at Boston; he does not have to with the improved Miami defense. . . . Curtis sometimes is a little too physical. . . . Jordan is smart, especially when dropping back on pass coverage. The Cowboys use combinations of zone and man-to-man and he will look as if he is going one way and come back another."

**Pete Liske, Philadelphia Eagles:** "The physical types are not much problem. They may devastate you on one play, then maybe on the next two plays you gain on them. Curtis, Lanier and Jordan are the types who cause you the most problems. They seldom make mistakes and are hard to control. The two I really respect are Curtis and Jordan. Even if you catch them out of position they recover very well."

**Bill Nelsen, Cleveland Browns:** "My thought of today's middle linebacker is an outside linebacker type moved to the inside. The outside linebacker playing the middle

has the edge. In the old 4-3 defense, the middle linebacker had to be big and strong. Today, he has to be that and do other things, like Curtis, Lucci and Buoniconti, but Nick is not quite tall enough on pass coverage; you can throw over him. Lucci is tough. He's the only one who really bothers me. His yelling breaks my count. . . . But Bill Bergey of Cincinnati gives me trouble. I remember him intercepting on me, then blitzing me. He stood over me and said, 'Get up, old man.' I was thinking for a moment: 'I don't want to play in this league any more.'"

**Don Horn, Denver Broncos:** "I have played against Butkus six or seven times and Lanier once. Those two are probably the best. They do not necessarily bother me more than any other middle linebackers but they do have an overall effect on teams. They antagonize players, they are so damn good. . . . Willie is the more physical type of ballplayer; he is not very boisterous, or at least not like Butkus. Butkus figures on how he can upset a player to break his mental concentration. He figures on intimidating them. He is a very mouthy guy over there across the line. Willie is more of a gentleman."

**Greg Landry, Detroit Lions:** "The guys I have the most concern about are Lanier and Curtis. Lanier is very intelligent; Curtis very physical, maneuverable, quick, especially in a zone defense. . . . Butkus is the last carry-over from the past. He gambles, breaks his own defenses and is so physical he can put the fear of God in you across that line when he growls."

**Dennis Shaw, Buffalo Bills:** "First, I want to say that I don't fear anybody. I have been the Bills' quarterback for only two years but I have played against Buoniconti in four games. He is so quick that he is hard to block out. He is especially good against the run. . . . Mike Curtis of the Colts is the one who gives us the most problems."



He covers the pass as well as he covers the run. In the quarterback situation you choose plays like playing chess. Curtis is so good at detecting them that it is difficult to call plays that will take him out of the way. He doesn't go for fakes...."

**Bob Berry, Atlanta Falcons:** "For any young quarterback looking at a Butkus or a Nitschke, they are going to be intimidating figures—and Nobis when I was at Minnesota. But there is a tendency for the young quarterbacks to overplay the middle linebacker's role. None of the middle linebackers are too

bad. Butkus has the advantage of working with an experienced line in front of him. But the middle linebacker is not the dominating factor he was four or five years ago."

**Archie Manning, New Orleans Saints:** "Being one of the quarterbacks who run the ball sometimes I have got to fear the brutes who strike me the hard licks, middle linebackers like Butkus and Lanier. They stick it to you; they deliver a little harder lick. The best linebackers are the ones who have played the longest. I remember Lanier well, although I played only half an

exhibition against him."

**Virgil Carter, Cincinnati Bengals:** "I don't look forward to playing against Butkus because as an ex-Bear I have been around him enough to know how serious his approach to football is. He is so intense that it is a little frightening. He has a kind of inbred understanding of football. Despite being so physical he still gets to the right place. I have seen him on offense—after making an interception, for instance—(Continued on page 32)

That's Mike Curtis tearing off Roman Gabriel's head. Gabriel says dryly of Curtis: "He has the same assets as Butkus."





(Continued from page 36)

death was emotionally very trying, and that our ballplayers needed a chance to rest their minds before the season began so they could bounce back. Tom was busy all during the strike. He's the player representative on the Mets. The guys elected him to the position, which shows you how they feel about him. He can articulate our feelings.

I've roomed with Tom since 1968, the year that Hodges became manager of the Mets, the year we started to be amazing. I think I know Tom better than most—we're closer to brothers than teammates—and I continue to be impressed by him.

No one's been any more consistent as a pitcher in baseball in recent years. He's on a helluva lot more than he's off, and he was winning at the outset of this season even though he really wasn't on top of his game. There are a lot of people, though, waiting for him to fail and fall on his face, just like they are with Vida Blue. Two years ago when Tom fell from 25 to 18 victories people said he cost us a pennant. That's nonsense. How many guys win 18 games?

I think Tom handles his fame well. He doesn't shut himself off. I've seen him sign autographs while we were eating in restaurants. Fans will come up and say, "I shouldn't interrupt you while you're eating, but . . ." I know ballplayers who'll say, "So why did you then?" Tom doesn't. He thinks it's easier to sign his autograph. He doesn't take himself that seriously. I've seen him make snide remarks about Tom Seaver on a hotel elevator just to see if he can get a rise/out of anyone. Then he'll get off and start laughing that laugh of his.

There's a lot of pressure on him, but he's not the kind of guy who feels it. He wasn't down and out, for instance, when the Padres finally beat him for the first time after our return from that West Coast trip. He probably felt fortunate that he'd been 10-and-0 against them before that. He's a pro, and he knows he's going to go out there with good stuff and get beat sometime.

In another game at Shea, we beat the Montreal Expos 7-3, and Tom was the winning pitcher, but he wasn't too sharp. In the sixth inning, he threw 12 straight balls. I tried to break his bad rhythm by going in to talk to Tom, as I will. He's never

been that wild. I called time and yelled, "Hey, Tom, come off!" The guy's human, though lots of people don't think so.

At that point, Tom had been struggling all season. He was still consistent, though, that's the thing. A little bit off with his fastball, he'll finesse them. He doesn't try to strike everybody out despite what some people think. He's not oblivious to the men behind him. I've seen him, when he's really on, signal that this was the pitch for a doubleplay, and it was.

He's smart, but down to earth. Outwardly, he probably gives the image that he's a high and mighty guy. Some want to know if he's a snob. It turns him off to hear someone call him an All-American boy. That's too much to live up to.

But, getting back to that West Coast trip. It was something we had both been looking forward to. Tom, quite literally, couldn't wait to get there; he doesn't like to fly, you see. He always has something to read, or a crossword puzzle to work on, whenever we get on a plane. He likes to get involved. If we have a rough landing, I smack my hand against his. It'll be clammy. If he had his way we'd still be in Pullmans.

Tom's from Fresno and went to school for a year at Southern Cal. I'm from Hayward and went to San Francisco State for a year. We got together in the first place because we both came from California. That was 1966 when we were both assigned to the Mets' Triple A team in Jacksonville.

In that period we sort of felt each other out. I liked him, though, and he felt I was going to be here awhile.

In Jacksonville, he had been married only awhile to Nancy, and my wife Yvonne was pregnant with our first child. And we wanted our wives to have someone to be with when we were at the ballpark. We said, "Let's go to dinner." That was it.

On our first Western trip this season my kids, Kimberly, five, and Timothy, three, were both in San Francisco. My brother-in-law had brought them out. I was going to take them home on the team's chartered airplane. When I got off the plane in San Francisco, Tom was holding Kim in his arms, and Tim was standing by his side. "Which one do you want coming back?" I asked him. "I'll take Kim," he said. Kim's his favorite.

Seaver faced the Giants for the first time in two years when he opened against them on May 1. He never pitches out of turn, and last year it just so happened that he always pitched against the Dodgers. He was 4-1 against them, and some of Hodges' old Dodger friends got on him about that. But we beat the Giants 7-3 that day. Tom struck out 12 batters, but he gave up three home runs. It must've been an easy day for home runs. I hit one, too. It was the third of my big-league career, the second that went over the fence. I'm no Cadillac hitter.

Early in the game, my son, Tim, was rooting for me to hit one. "Watch Daddy hit a home run," he said. "Just watch the game and be quiet," said my dad. His name's Glenn and he's a used car general manager for a local Chevrolet dealer.

Tom's dad, Charles, is an executive with a raisin company. He was there, too, cheering us on. Our dads must've been unpopular in that place.

After the game, Tom was talking with our families about all the lousy pitches he made. His legs were still bothering him. He also told them that pitchers should be wary of me. "His strength is deceptive," he said. "It comes from eating organic foods . . . like cheeseburgers, apple pie and strawberry sundaes."

Good ol' Tom. The plane ride back to New York was a lot of fun. Kim and Tim wouldn't fall asleep, and everyone was getting a kick out of watching their harried father look after them. I asked Tom if he missed his daughter, Sarah. He shook his head yes. The next time I looked at him he had a faraway look. He had already landed.



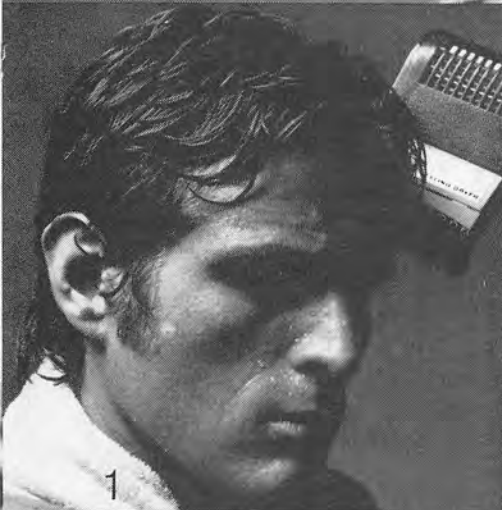
ANSWERS  
From page 26

- 1 b. 2 b. 3 a. 4 True. 5 San Francisco—Seals; Minneapolis—Millers; Montreal—Royals; Atlanta—Crackers. 6 b. 7 c. 8 a. 9 b. 10 c. 11 c. 12 b. 13 c. 14 a. 15 a. 16 c.



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## HOW TO EXERCISE THE OPTION

(Continued from page 45)

tional work he does for the company in the offseason. "First, there was Alex Karras being cut," Greg was saying, guiding the Road Runner down a freeway. "That was a shock to all of us. We never got anyone on defense to replace him. Then we had injuries to key people like Charlie Sanders. And then there was the death of Chuck Hughes. The season ended for us that day."

The Lions won only three of their final eight games after Hughes, an end, collapsed during a game and died of a heart attack. But the Lions' attack impressed people even in defeat. Kansas City Chief coach Hank Stram called that offense "one of the most explosive in football."

"We have a great offensive line," Landry was saying, the sunlight glinting off his mod sunglasses. "I can't say enough about them. They're the best offensive line in football."

He rushed on in his boyishly enthusiastic, open way. He is not yet the old quarterback who hides his hand. "They have to respect us inside with Steve Owens," he said. "And last year he caught more passes than any Lion receiver. Altie Taylor has the quickness to make them worry outside. Last year people raved about Kiick and Csonka at Miami. They're great backs, but Taylor and Owens gained—what was it?—almost exactly the same number of yards as Kiick and Csonka."

He steered the orange-and-white car into a parking lot behind a row of attached two-story houses. "I know I'm a better passer than I was two years ago," he told the writer. "Two years ago I'd look for my wide receivers and when they were covered I'd run for my life. Now I'll look for my backs. But I'll still run rather than get hit. You frustrate a defense when they have everyone covered and you run for a first down."

He unlocked the solid oak door of his house. "I've improved my touch when I pass," he said. "I know when to throw a line drive at a receiver and when to put some arc on a pass. Joe Namath always had that touch. It came natural to him. I had to learn it."

He proved it in a game against the Falcons last season. The ball rested on the Falcon 16. In the huddle Landry called for a pass to tight end Charlie Sanders in the right corner of the end zone.

Sanders looked at Landry. "Every-

one knows," he said later, "that inside the 20, it's Landry to Sanders in the corner. But Greg has the confidence now that he can complete that pass even when they expect it."

Sanders ran to the end zone, faked and cut to the corner. He turned and saw the pass coming over his shoulder, well ahead of the defensive back at his heels. He caught the ball for a touchdown.

Two game footballs, brightly painted, sat on a shelf. On the mantel over the stone fireplace was a photo of Greg, Chuck Hughes and two other Lions drinking beer. On other shelves were Greg's 1972 Pro Bowl helmet and about a dozen books. "Carroll sends me books she thinks I'd like," Greg said. "Some I read, some I don't. I really dug this one." He pulled out *The Kingdom and the Power*, Gay Talese's book on the inner machinations at the *New York Times*. "It was a real interesting look at people," Greg said.

A little later he, Carroll and the writer were crammed into the Road Runner's bucket seats and cruising suburban Royal Oak, looking for a tennis court. "You know what really interests me?" Greg was saying. "Things like what I read about a few days ago. Some students, as an experiment, were divided into two groups. One group were prisoners, the other group prison guards. When the experiment ended after a few days, the prisoners complained about brutal treatment. The guards said they'd treated the prisoners humanely. Both sides really meant it, both thought they were right. You can see how, in a real prison situation, both sides could think they were right."

It sounded like a dialogue out of Charlie Brown, the writer said. Landry nodded. He said he'd gone to Vietnam and come back understanding why GIs would take drugs to forget their misery. But he said he thought Nixon was right on Vietnam. "If we didn't go there to win," he said, "we shouldn't have gone there at all."

They found the tennis court. A newcomer to tennis, Landry tried to overpower Carroll but he couldn't and she came within a point of winning the game. But then he began to hit to her weakness—a wobbly backhand—and he won, 7-5. "I let her get close and then her confidence crumbles," he said, grinning.

He turned to Carroll. "Hey, I just remembered," he said. "We can't go out tonight. The Bruin game is on TV."

The writer left them and went to his motel room to type his notes on how a boy from a small New England college made it all the way to the 1972 Pro Bowl.

"I always wanted to play sports," Greg had told the writer. "I dragged my dad out to play with me—baseball, basketball, anything. At 12 I was tall and skinny but I played Pop Warner football. I was a quarterback. At Nashua High School I split between quarterback and defensive back. I liked playing defense. I liked to hit people."

"Greg was on the skinny side," Joe Whelton, his lawyer and a family friend, told the writer. "Every day, I remember, he exercised with weights to build himself up. Greg has always been that kind of person—always doing what he had to do."

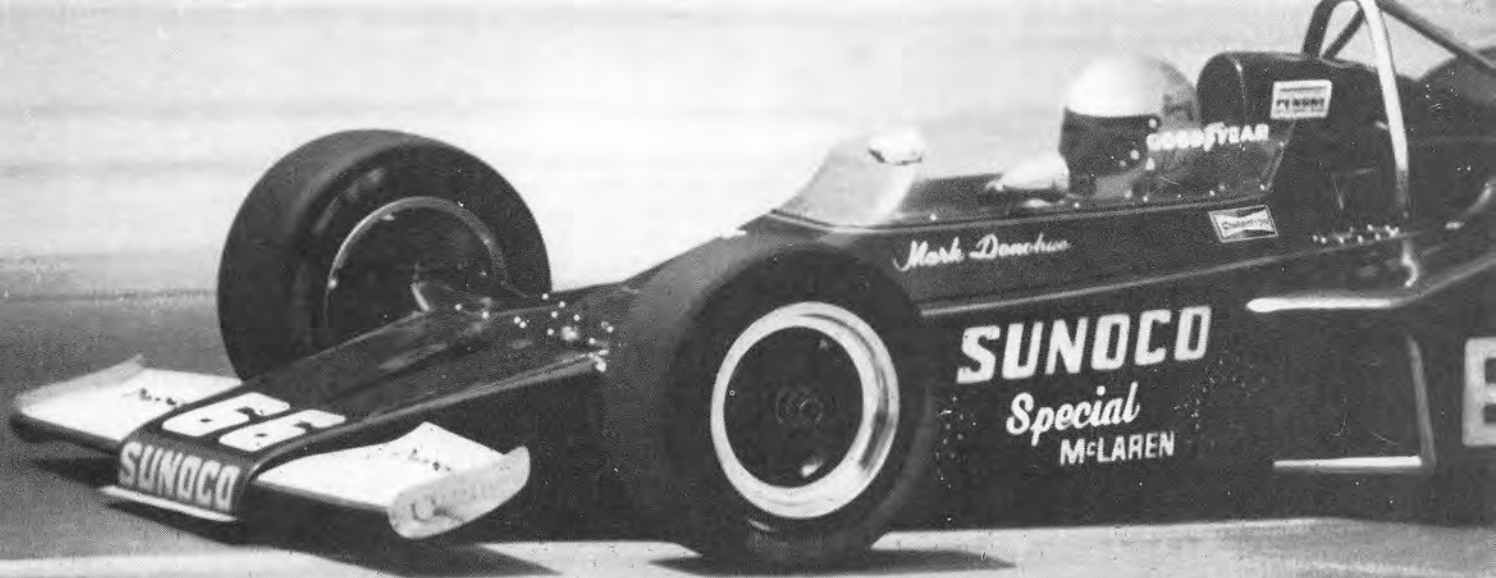
In Greg's junior year at Nashua High School he and his coach went to see Penn State play Holy Cross. The Penn State quarterback, Pete Liske, baffled Holy Cross with triple option. Greg and his coach went back to Nashua and began to use the triple option, Greg giving to the plunging fullback, pitching back to the halfback, or keeping to run or pass. "Mostly I kept the ball and ran," Greg said. "I loved running."

Big and rangy and fast (4.7 for the 40-yard dash), he got offers from the major football schools: Michigan State, Notre Dame, Penn State. He picked the University of Massachusetts, by Greg's own definition "a step below the Ivy League." And he went to a team whose coaches told him they wanted him not as a quarterback but as a defensive back.

Landry told the writer why he had picked U-Mass, as the school is known in New England. "Pro football was beyond my wildest dreams," he said. "I wanted to be a coach. I figured I should go to a New England school, where I could make a name for myself in the area, so it would be easier to get a coaching job."

The U-Mass coaches soon made Landry a quarterback. As a sophomore he started with Phil Vandersea, later a Green Bay linebacker, at fullback and Milt Morin, the Cleveland tight end, as one of his receivers. Using the belly series, Greg handed off to Vandersea or passed to Morin.





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night before the 500, Duane Carter, Jr. won the feature midget at the fairgrounds. In a Sesco Chevy with Champion plugs.



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"They graduated after my sophomore year," he told the writer. "From then on I did more running."

During Landry's three years at U-Mass—from 1965 to 1967—the team lost only one Yankee Conference game while losing to schools like Buffalo and Holy Cross. In one game against Holy Cross, U-Mass was losing with a minute to play and the ball on its ten. "Then Greg started to throw," Joe Whelton had told the writer. "He threw one pass after another—boom! boom! boom! They went in for a touchdown to make the score, I think, 21-20. U-Mass went for the two points. Greg threw a pass to a wide-open receiver. The guy dropped the ball."

Pro scouts came to U-Mass to look at Landry, since the school had coughed up Morin and Vandersea. The Lions, desperate for a quarterback, drafted Landry on the first round, ahead of UCLA quarterback and Heisman Trophy winner Gary Beban.

Greg was chosen for the North-South game. "It was the first time I'd played against guys from big schools," Greg said. "I threw two touchdown passes and we won 14-0. That really began to make me believe I was as good as the quarterbacks from the big schools."

He looked good enough in the Lion training camp that summer of 1968 to cause writers to wonder: Who would be the Lions' starting quarterback, Landry or Bill Munson, whom the Lions had just obtained in a trade with the Rams? "No way I'm going to start a rookie," Joe Schmidt growled. "I read that and was upset," Landry told the writer. "Four years later I understand."

Schmidt had to eat his words by starting the rookie in the season's first game, against Dallas, after Munson was injured in a preseason game. Landry walked onto the field after the opening kickoff, threw six straight completions, the last one for a touchdown. "I didn't know a thing about defenses," he told the writer. "I just stepped back into the pocket and

threw to the right color jersey." He came back to the bench, the Lions ahead 7-0, thinking this game was a lot easier than he had figured. Joe Schmidt stared at him, thinking how generous God was to retired NFL linebackers.

A little later Greg went back to pass and saw Charlie Sanders wide open, linebacker Chuck Howley turned the wrong way. He threw. Howley turned and intercepted the ball. "How did he do that?" Greg wondered as he walked off the field. The Cowboys did that four times and won, 59-13.

In that rookie season he started once more. "The Eagles hadn't won a game," he told the writer, "so they figured they could start a rookie." The Eagles won, 12-0. "Another humbling experience," Landry told the writer.

Halfway through the 1969 season Munson injured his throwing hand and Landry replaced him. He led the Lions to five victories in seven games. "The defense carried us," Greg said. "I think I was 16th of 16 in passing in the league. We played straight conservative football, which I like anyway. I'm not one for throwing the ball around. Establish a running game and then you can pass. We had a lot of young guys—Sanders, me, Rocky Freitas, a whole host of young people—and we were building confidence."

But Bill Munson was still the No. 1 quarterback as the 1970 season began. Munson had a poor day against the Vikings, a difficult team for the Lions, who have lost eight straight times to the Alan Page, Carl Eller & Co. pass rush. The next week the Lions were losing to the Saints. Late in the game Landry replaced Munson. He steered the Lions 80 yards for a field goal to go ahead with only 14 seconds remaining. New Orleans' Tom Dempsey then kicked a record 63-yard field goal and the Saints won.

But Landry had edged Munson out of the No. 1 job. The Lions won five of their last six games and squeezed into the NFC playoffs where the Cowboys beat them, 5-0. That baseball score tells you that Greg did not dazzle the Cowboys—his fumble led to a field goal and later he was tackled for a safety. But his season statistics were imposing: He completed 61 percent of his passes, threw only five interceptions and gained 350 yards running—including one quarterback "sneak" of 76 yards, the longest run of the

season in the NFC.

Greg thought he was worth more than the \$25,000 or so that the Lions were paying him. When he and the Lions couldn't agree, he announced he was playing out his option. "There was tremendous pressure on him," Joe Whelton told the writer. "He was the team leader, the QB. But he hadn't signed while most of the others had signed. He had to work closely with the coaches who wanted him to sign. The players knew he was asking for more than they were getting. It had to create tensions."

What helped, though, was that Munson also played out his option in the 1971 season. By this spring Munson still hadn't signed and became a free agent. "I hope Bill stays with the Lions," Greg was telling the writer one day this spring in the Lion clubhouse. He was pulling on sweat pants for a short workout near Tiger Stadium. "Bill and I are good friends. We play golf together. He really is the other Lion starting quarterback. Every team needs two good men in each position. I know that Schmidt feels a lot better when he sees me running and knows he has Bill if I get hurt."

He and the writer went out to a parking lot adjacent to Tiger Stadium. Greg began to throw a football to the writer from 15 or 20 yards away. The writer had never realized a football whizzed so loudly when a pro throws it. The ball would arrow toward the writer, then suddenly jump—almost explode—into his face. The writer's hands were aching and the next day they would be black and blue. He began to try to catch the ball with his fingertips while dancing backward. As casually as he could, the writer hollered to Landry: "How near to game speed are you throwing?"

"About half-speed," Landry said.

"Oh," the writer said.

After ten minutes or so Greg and the writer walked back toward the Lion clubhouse. Several Lion players saw Landry talking to the writer. The players began to chant, "I . . . I . . . Me . . . Me . . ."

Landry grinned. "They're a real bunch of needlers, these guys," he said. There was a sudden look of boyish shyness and embarrassment on his face. He turned to the writer. "Do you have all the material you need?" he asked. When the writer said yes, the Lions' quarterback walked into the clubhouse with his team. ■

#### PHOTO CREDITS

Dan Balliotti and Bob Rush—7. Ron Koch—8. Martin Blumenthal—38, 44, 59 (center). Malcolm Emmons—42, 43, 55 (left and center). Sonnel Gottlieb—49 (2). Manny Rubio—46, 53. Tony Tomsic—59 (left). Robert Miller—59 (right). Carl Skalak—54, 55 (right). 57. Fred Kaplan—68. Seattle Times—40. UPI—12, 30. Washington Post Sports—4. Wide World—25, 35, 39, 61.





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a winner. Or, as  
teammate Larry Dierker  
puts it: "Lee May is  
the main ingredient  
in our lineup today"

## LEE MAY, THE MAN BEHIND THE ASTROS' SURGE

BY ARNOLD HANO

Lee May led off the 11th inning, the score 3-3, over 35,000 fans on hand at Dodger Stadium, and the knot in May's hamstring turning rock-hard as the chill wet night deepened over the park.

He'd pulled the hamstring six days earlier against Pittsburgh, going down the line to break up a double-play after collecting his fourth hit of the game. He heard something snap even before he could slide. He sat out part of a game and all of another, but this one against the Dodgers was the first of a four-game set, the division lead at stake, the first "crucial" series of the young season. The standings were as close as the score, the teams tied in the won-lost column, Houston leading by eight percentage points.

The hamstring hurt. Lee May couldn't run. But he could swing the bat. And nobody can truly tell when Lee May is hurting bad, because he won't say. Houston manager Harry Walker had a suspicion. "I wanted to sit him down tonight," he would say when the game had ended. "But he insisted on playing. He needs to be rested. He won't rest."

A scouting report on Lee May, back in early 1965,

had once read: "Poor runner. Does not hustle enough at bat or in field."

It is to laugh. Or cry. Hamstring this year. Knee last year. Shoulder before that. Torn arm ligaments before that. Another shoulder before that. Fans calling him *nigger* in Tampa, in Rocky Mount; fans in Macon throwing bottles at him on the field, threatening to kill him. Not that you need to be a sociology major to know just what kind of man Lee May is. When he was 16 years old playing in a semi-pro industrial league—he played for free, because he was also a high school ballplayer—the regular catcher got hurt, and somebody saw Lee May, a big kid, and gave him the mask and the shin guards, and said, "Catch." He didn't know how to catch, he didn't want to catch, he was afraid to catch. He caught, flinching with every pitch, closing his eyes. But he caught, until he caught a pitch, his eyes shut, on the ring finger of his right hand, and it ripped the flesh straight down the length of his finger, laying it open. "Those were my first stitches," Lee May says. They were not his last.

That was then. Hustle? If you want a hot dog, run-



ning out bases on balls, don't look to Lee May. If you want a .215 singles hitter who claps his hands a lot in the dugout, don't look to Lee May. If you want a man who argues over called third strikes, don't look to Lee May. If you want a winner, take a good long look. He is your man.

Hurting, this minute. But how can you tell? He stands so stiffly, at the plate, in the field, on the sidewalk, anyplace, he looks exactly like what the late Chico Ruiz once called him. The mechanical man. He walks like Frankenstein's monster. He looks like a spinal fusion case. That's not a spine, that's poured cement. If he hiked up Mt. Rushmore and paused at the top, people would think he was another national hero, carved of stone. He moves like a robot. You get the idea? If you don't, try this. Columnist Jim Murray facetiously calls May "an outrage to the racial stereotype—he is a slow, clumsy, black athlete." As a matter of fact, he is not slow. He just looks it. He is a further outrage to the stereotype. He has no rhythm. He's been playing around with a guitar for four years now, and he's still on the first instruction book. It took his daughters, aged eight and nine, to teach Lee May how to dance. "I am totally unmusical," he says.

At the plate they do not expect him to dance. They expect him to swing, and not like Duke Ellington. Not even like Duke Sims. Like himself. Lee May. Big. Strong. Six-three, 210 pounds. "I go up there swinging, slashing, and hoping," he once said. A man who takes his honest cuts at the plate. Honest all the way through. The only home run hitter I've ever met who tells the truth—"I deliberately try to hit a home run every time up. That is what they pay me for." None of this nonsense—"All I want is to make contact." The contact Lee May wants is slapping palms after he's circled the bases.

So he swung at Jim Brewer's pitch, and he did not hit a home run. He hit a simple groundball straight at third baseman Billy Grabarkewitz, and as Lee May finished his follow through, this is what went on in his head.

*"I'll go all out, down the line. No. I better not. If I bust out of here, I'll really pop that hamstring. Then I'm out two weeks. I don't want to miss any part of this trip—L.A., San Diego; then L.A. again, at home. If I stay in the lineup, Jimmy Wynn gets better pitches, with me behind him. We keep a lefthanded hitter on the bench, to pinch hit. It helps the club lots of ways."*

I swear. That is what he thought. How fast does thinking take, anyway? It flashes, a Sam McDowell fastball. Brrzzz.

So he didn't bust out of the batter's box. He ran—trotted is better, limped is better yet—down the line,

and Billy Grabarkewitz, knowing May always goes all out, never looked to see how he was running—walking is best—and Grabarkewitz hurried his throw ten feet over the first baseman's head. Lee May was on base. Harry Walker took May out of the lineup, for pinch-runner Bobby Fenwick, and May walked his stiff-backed, mechanical steps to the dugout, and a few minutes later, the bases loaded, one out, Tommy Helms laid down a perfect suicide squeeze, and Houston won the ball game, 4-3.

Not much of a contribution? Lee May didn't hustle, and because he didn't hustle, he was on hand to hit a double in the final game of that four-game set, and Bobby Watson followed with a home run. The Astros won that one, 2-1. May hadn't busted out of the box, so the hamstring did not get worse, which meant he was around for all of the four-game San Diego series. In the first game, against Ed Acosta, he belted a fast-ball into the leftfield seats, the ball popping off his bat so quickly the man in the San Diego broadcasting booth just had time to suck in his breath and say, "Oh, doctor!" And he was on hand in the fourth game to hit another two-run home run, his eighth of the season, and Houston won by those two runs, 4-2. The Astro lead jumped to two and a half games over Los Angeles.

Doug Rader talks about Lee May. "No matter how bad things get, he inspires us to think they'll get better. We had a tendency to get down in the dumps in years past. Now, no matter how bad, he gets us thinking positively. Everybody. You cannot overestimate his contribution. He has been a winner, and it helps to be around winners. It isn't what he says. It's what he does. He shows you. He's one of the greatest men I've ever played with. You don't meet people like this every day."

And you don't meet press notices like that every day.

**T**en feet away, unaware of Doug Rader's puff, Lee May laughs it up, drinking a beer, another ballgame over. "I had a bad day," he says. "Hell, everybody has bad days. You go 0-for-5, the world won't end. I'll be out there tomorrow." And he laughs some more. The winners laugh. Tommy Helms says, "Lee is a winner." Larry Dierker says, "Lee May is the main ingredient in our lineup today."

He is a winner, with a fat salary, a new Mark IV Continental, three-quarters of an acre of land, stocks and bonds. At 29 years of age, he should be entering his great seasons.

Yet he plays—Jim Murray also wrote—"in the undeserved obscurity of a bullpen catcher."

The name doesn't help. There are too many Mays around. Lee. Little brother Carlos. Dave. Jerry. Milt. Rudy. Add an "s" and you get a superstar. And an "e" and you get an ex-big leaguer, now toiling in the



King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine.  
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Apr. '72).

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minors, a sound-alike, Lee Maye. Besides, it's a silly name for this big man. It should be Lee Can. May leaves doubt. Can doesn't. May I take a giant step? No, you may not. Can I? You betcha sweet life.

What Lee May can do this year is what nobody has done yet, in Houston. He may be the man who brings a winner into the Astrodome. The pitching is so deep, Houston can throw six men into the rotation if it wants—Don Wilson, Larry Dierker, Dave Roberts, Ken Forsch, Jerry Reuss, Tom Griffin. Griffin hadn't been starting in the early going. He hadn't won a big-league game since 1970. Then he went out and blanked San Diego late in May, and Harry Walker had the kind of problem managers drool over. The infield boasts two Golden Gloves—Helms at second, Rader at third; and Roger Metzger, at short, may be the finest fielding shortstop in baseball (and, yes, I have seen Larry Bowa). At first, May is better than adequate as a fielder; a death trap on thrown balls, less so on groundballs. The outfield—Bobby Watson, Wynn and Cesar Cedeno—rips the ball. The catching is so-so. For some reason (perhaps it is all that pitching to get used to) everybody runs on the Astros, and nobody gets nailed. Twenty-seven steals in the first 30 tries. Behind it all is Harry Walker, who doesn't win popularity contests with his players, but he knows how to manage. The racial bias Joe Morgan charged Walker with is—thus far—not evident to Lee May.

That is the new Houston look, and the main ingredient—as Dierker says—is Lee May. All he's got to do is make up the 11 games that separated Houston from the division title in 1971. He's got to lead a club from last year's dismal fourth place finish to first. That is the pressure they've put on Lee May. He is the ideal man to put pressure on. He never takes a ballgame home, win or lose. He looks for no glory. "I have no personal goals," he says. "I just go out and play. If I set goals, I'd worry over them. This way, as long as the club wins, I don't have to worry. Yes. That's a goal. I'd very much like to win a pennant down here. Houston has had everything at the Dome except a World Series. It's about time."

Houston thinks the same thing. That's why they traded for Lee May on November 29, 1971, the first day of the winter session. They went out shopping for a winner. They may have one.

And it's about time the baseball world sat up and noticed Lee May. A part of it already has. Who was the first baseman on the All-Major League Team last year, selected by the players? Lee May, ahead of Norm Cash and Willie McCovey. Look at the vote for the National League's Most Valuable Player last year. Lee May got 28 votes. The next Cincinnati ballplayer to get any votes was Pete Rose. He got one.

Lee May was off by himself the most valuable Red.

So they traded him off. Baseball is an odd institution. Cincinnati finished even with Houston last season, the teams tied for fourth spot, with identical 79-83 records. Bob Howsam, the team's general manager, felt he had to do something. He unloaded Lee May. The whole trade, as you recall, looked like this—Lee May, Tommy Helms and utility man Jimmy Stewart for Joe Morgan, Denis Menke, pitcher Jack Billingham and outfielders Cesar Geronimo and Ed Armbrister. Bob Howsam had cast off the biggest Red of them all. Lee May had hit 111 home runs and driven in 302 runs in the three prior seasons.

**W**hy? Why does a club do things like this? Two reasons have been aired. A third lurks beneath the surface. Lee May patiently offers one of the given reasons. "When a club like Cincinnati loses, when it goes from first to fourth, the front office has to make changes. It has to show it is trying to get back on the winning path. It changes its image. Cincinnati decided to go for speed and defense."

That is one of the aired reasons. Joe Morgan had stolen 40 bases last year. The whole Cincinnati roster had stolen just 59. So Bob Howsam swapped Lee May's power for Joe Morgan's speed and getting-on-base skills. One reason. But why Lee May? Second reason. Both Tony Perez and Lee May are first basemen. Yes, Perez has played third, but he is not a skilled third baseman. If the Reds landed an adequate third baseman, like Denis Menke, for instance, Perez could move to first. Which would clog matters, and bring on the old Abbott-Costello routine—Who's on first? Lee May or Tony Perez? One of them had to go. Howsam, in his unlimited wisdom, plucked the petals off a dandelion and recited that old childhood chant, "Perez-May, Perez-May not," and the last petal he plucked was May. He tossed it away.

So on November 29, 1971, while sitting in the dentist's chair, Lee May received a phone call. It was his wife, Terrye. "Guess what?" she said. "What?" Lee May said. "You've been traded." "Where to?" he asked, fearing the worst. The year before he'd heard the Reds had tried to trade him to Cleveland. "To Houston," Terrye May said, and suddenly the dentist's office was a brighter place.

He went down to Houston in January of 1972, to meet H.B. (Spec) Richardson, Astro general manager, and it was love at first contact. Or first contract. And this is where the third reason for May's trade creeps in. Somebody up there in Cincy didn't love him. May doesn't say so, but he had his problems. Minor problems. Little irritants. He wanted to play on the team's basketball team during the winter season. Bob Howsam thought he shouldn't. May played anyway. The front office grumbled. Lee May owns his own skin.



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But he loathes the notion of being traded at all. It demeans him, as a free man. "I don't like the idea. It should be a matter of negotiation, like the Willie Mays deal. The three parties involved sit down—the two clubs and the man who is being dealt for. They decide together. You shouldn't be allowed to tell a man, 'Hey, you go down here, you do this.' It angers me."

He went down to Houston, and met Spec Richardson, and the things he says about the Houston general manager subtly hint how he felt about Cincinnati's front office. "Richardson is a hell of a guy. Straight-forward. He tells you exactly what he thinks. Very direct. I spent maybe 15 minutes discussing contract. It was a generous contract. He said, 'If you have any problems, come to me.' You could see he is concerned about his players. You go away feeling, 'Hey, somebody cares about me.' You are not treated like a piece of baloney."

So that is the why of the Lee May trade. Yes, the Reds want speed and defense; yes, they feel Perez can play first base at least as well as Lee May. But on top of all that, or at bottom, May and Bob Howsam did not get along very well. Howsam is the boss man. Crack that whip; another hunk of meat on the block.

Lee May is home in Houston, though he maintains his actual residence in Cincinnati. Nor does he intend to leave Cincinnati. He owns a house on three quarters of an acre of land, and his three kids, two daughters and a three-year-old son, have room to romp about with the German shepherd and the weimaraner pup. But Houston appeals to May, for now. He feels at home, he says. "Maybe it's because I'm from the South. There's something mellow about Houston. Maybe it's the vegetation. I don't know what it is, but I like it."

In a word, his reaction to the new club, the new city, the new fans?

"Beautiful."

Once, not so beautiful. Born Lee Andrew May, in Birmingham on March 23, 1943. Father made mattresses and springs. Mother worked in the poultry house, cleaning chickens. Lee May the only child, until Carlos came along when Lee was five. Lee worked a paper route, aged 12. He cleaned up offices. Folks separated and divorced. He hasn't seen his father since 1959. Knows his old man is in Milwaukee, but doesn't know what he's doing. Doesn't know whether the old man has remarried. Doesn't seem to care. That's all past. You play out life day by day. Go 0-for-5 today, maybe you'll go 5-for-5 tomorrow. A practical man, even when he was a kid.

"I never had any ambition to be a big leaguer," he says. "I liked to play baseball, just to keep active. But

I had no dreams. I had no hero, no team I rooted for. I just loved playing. I knew I had to go to school. That was the only thing I wanted. I still don't like watching baseball. I don't go to games today, if I'm free. If I see a game on TV, it's to watch for little things. How a team defenses a certain pull hitter. Who throws what. I saw Burt Hooton on TV. I saw his knuckle-curve. I couldn't tell exactly how it broke, but I knew he was throwing it in certain situations. Then we faced Hooton, and the situation came up, and I guessed knuckle-curve."

"What happened?"

"Home run."

Baseball is not a dream existence to Lee May. It is a practical matter, the way he makes his living. He plays for no glory. He exerts no glamorous pull on the fans. A sportswriter approached Lee May in the Houston dugout the other day and the writer opened his interview like this:

"You're Carlos May's brother, right?"

"Right."

"Little brother or big brother?"

That is how it goes. He is Carlos May's brother, even though he is five years older than Carlos. Carlos is the glamorous brother, even before he blew off a thumb and made an incredible recovery. Lee May takes a back seat. He says of his brother, "He is a heck of a guy. Very determined." They joke about Carlos' injury. When Lee was in Chicago recently, he saw Carlos. Carlos complained how he'd jammed his thumb hitting. "Which thumb?" Lee May asked, and they both laughed.

Carlos plays with flash; he runs and hits, he steals, he hits behind the runner. It is a different team he plays for, and he fits that kind of team. Lee May goes up there swinging for the seats. "If I batted .320, but I hit only two homers, I'd feel I deserved a cut in pay," he says. Even when he hits the seats, nobody seems to notice. "I don't carry a name," he says. "Some people have it. I don't. I like it in a way. When the team goes bad, nobody says, 'It's all Lee May's fault.' Nobody knew I was there in the first place. In Cincinnati, it was easy to get lost."

**I**t's easy to get lost when you make baseball a business, not a romantic dream. Not that he doesn't like baseball. He loves it. To play. He loves the two and a half hours or so. Then he forgets it, until the next game. He played baseball and football in high school, a fullback on the varsity, and the University of Nebraska liked him well enough to offer him a scholarship. But so did the Cincinnati organization like him, and in particular an area scout named Jimmy Bragan, now a Montreal Expo coach. Bragan had begun watching Lee May when Lee was 15 or 16. He should have seen the boy when he was 13. "I was a better hitter at 13," he once said, and today he explains why. "The pitchers



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## 22 Important Questions & Answers Tell Why: National-Ben Franklin Extra Cash/Plus Policy is your best protection for the lowest cost

### 1. What are the chances of me going to the hospital?

1 out of 7 people do each year. Could be your wife, children—even you. You could count on up to \$15,000 with Extra Cash/Plus!

### 2. \$15,000? How Come Extra Cash/Plus Pays So High?

Pays longer than most. \$600 a month (\$20 a day) under age 65; up to 25 months for each hospital benefit period. No waiting; pays from the 1st day whether for sickness or accident. N-BF Life planned Extra Cash/Plus to plug gaps others miss.

### 3. What'll They Pay for My Wife?

Same big benefits as yours, \$600 a month (\$20 a day) (under age 65); up to 25 months, to \$15,000 each hospital benefit period.

### 4. Are Maternity Benefits included?

YES! Unlike many policies, Pays \$600 a month (\$20 a day) up to 25 months, for your wife's hospital confinement for any pregnancy, or its complications, beginning while both of you are insured. No extra charge!

### 5. Does "Intensive Care" DOUBLE Our Benefits?

Yes, for adults under 65. Pays \$20 a day up to 30 days. Up to \$600 are added to your hospital income dollars. (Other generous benefits for other age groups.) Of course, regular recovery room service for less than 24 hours is not covered.

### 6. Does Extra Cash/Plus Cover Nursing Home Care?

Sure does and not many do. Regardless of age, it pays up to \$300—\$10 a day for 30 days (each hospital benefit period) for confinement in a nursing home or hospital convalescent unit, starting within 7 days of a 3-day covered hospital stay.

### 7. Just What is the 25% Cost-of-Living Raise?

A hedge against even higher hospital cost! Each person's original benefits will increase

5% for benefit periods which start after the end of the 1st year; similar increases for 4 more years. Totals 25% more cash for you. No added cost!

### 8. What If I Have Other Insurance?

Extra Cash/Plus pays in addition to group coverage, Workmen's Comp, Medicare, or any other company's policy.

### 9. WHO Gets the Cash?

You do. No payments to the doctor, hospital or nursing home unless you say so. It's all yours.

### 10. All Mine? No Taxes?

No taxes.

### 11. Will Extra Cash/Plus Take Care of Our Children?

YES! Pays up to \$7500 . . . \$300 a month (\$10 a day) up to 25 months for any of your children's hospital benefit periods. Each new baby is covered automatically after 1 month of age.

### 12. All at One Price? What a Bargain!

One very LOW premium covers all your children. NO MATTER HOW MANY, over 1 month through 18 years old.

### 13. Do They Get the "Plus" Benefits, Too?

YES! Up to \$300 (\$10 a day) additional for Intensive Care; up to \$300 (\$10 a day) Nursing Home Care. Cost-of-Living Raises will increase children's \$300 benefits to \$375 after 5 years.

### 14. Just Who Can Get In On Cash/Plus?

Any adult who has not been hospitalized for sickness for more than a week in the last 2 years. And No Age Limit for adults to apply.

### 15. What are We Paid at Age 65 or Over?

Extra Cash/Plus pays you up to \$14,400 . . . for up to 25 months (over 2 years) for each hospital benefit period. \$300 a month (\$10 a day) first 2 months; \$600 a month (\$20 a day) for 23 months more. This helps lower your rates and the \$600 benefit means more

money when you need it most—when Medicare stops.

### 16. Do We Get the "Intensive Care" Feature?

YES! At age 65 or over, \$10 a day for 30 days, up to \$300, is added to your hospital income payment.

### 17. What is our total Cost-of-Living raise?

In 5 years, your original benefits will also go up to a total increase of \$375 for each of the first 2 months and \$750 a month thereafter.

### 18. What am I Paid for Less Than a Month?

You're paid 1/30 of your monthly benefits for each day of confinement from the 1st day.

### 19. Can Premiums Be Changed or My Policy Cancelled?

Your policy can never be singled out for change or cancellation because of claims or poor health. Rate schedule changes or cancellation could only occur for all policies like yours in your class and State upon proper notice; nothing of the sort is foreseen. You're Safe with Extra Cash/Plus!

### 20. When Do New Benefit Periods Start?

Each eligible hospital stay for a new sickness or injury starts a new 25-month benefit period. Same or related causes are covered for 25 months; if you're not confined for that ailment for 12 months, a new benefit period begins.

### 21. What About "Pre-Existing" Conditions?

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### 22. What Few Exclusions Are There?

Only a few—to help keep your rates low. They are: conditions resulting from declared or undeclared war or act of war, mental illness or nervous disorder; confinement in a federal hospital or federal convalescent facility. Even maternity is covered when both husband and wife are insured.

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Child \_\_\_\_\_ Child \_\_\_\_\_

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were all 13, too. They threw one pitch, the fastball. Some were faster than others, but that was the only difference. You got into a groove. I just dug in and swung."

Jimmy Bragan lists what he saw when he first ran into Lee May, in that industrial league. "Big and strong and awkward, but you could see he was a natural power hitter."

When May's folks broke up, Lee and his brother and mother moved in with his grandmother. Lee took the Nebraska football scholarship seriously, and so did his grandmother. Then Bragan came along with a bundle of money, most of which he used to persuade Sammy Ellis to sign with the Red organization. Still, he had \$12,000 left over, when he knocked at Lee May's door. Bragan says the signing wasn't easy. It was Lee's grandmother he had to sell. She wanted May to go to college. Bragan pointed out the boy could go in the offseason. May liked that. He signed. Besides: "I wanted the money."

He had a girl. He's been a one-woman man, all his life. He'd met Terrye in grade school. Later, when the May family moved, Lee ended up on the same street as Terrye. That clinched it. They dated through Parker High. After his graduation, Lee May went down to Tampa, in the Florida State League, to play his first game of organized ball. At first he wasn't on the official roster, so he'd practice with the team, and then when the game started, he'd climb into the stands and watch. He's never liked watching baseball games. "I didn't feel like a ballplayer. I didn't feel like part of the club." Finally they moved him onto the roster, and he got into 26 games and hit .260, no home runs, nine runs batted in. He was tall and gangly, still filling out, not yet the power hitter Bragan had sensed. It was the first of six minor-league seasons.

That winter he went down to Venezuela, to play winter ball. He's played five years of winter ball, three in Venezuela and two in Puerto Rico, and college has become a faded dream. Yes, he's put in one winter of college, but now he thinks he's too old to pick it up again. He had to play winter ball, he says, to make up for the \$350-a-month kind of salaries he got to start with in the States. At Venezuela, for instance, they began him at \$1300 a month; his second season he earned \$1800 a month; his third year he received \$2200.

"That's not bad money," a man said.

"I did a good job," Lee May answers stiffly. He is a proud man; he expects to get paid for his hire.

He and Terrye married in January of 1962. He would see her between seasons. When their first daughter was born, May went home. "Then I didn't see her or the baby for another month and a half.

She's stuck with me through a lot of stuff. When we couldn't afford anything. When I was off playing winter ball. When I was on the road. She's a sweet person."

In 1962 at Tampa, Lee May met Jim Wynn, in Wynn's first year of pro ball. They've been friends ever since; today May and Wynn are roommates on the road. Wynn led the Florida State League in home runs and runs batted in that first season, and he moved right on up, playing 70 games for Houston the following year. Meanwhile, Lee May slogged along, playing first base and the outfield. "When the Reds signed me up, they had me down as a first baseman and a catcher. I said, 'Scratch that word. I'm no catcher.'" As a matter of fact, he wasn't much of a first baseman. "He played first base like a fullback," Jimmy Bragan says.

**I**n Macon, the town he hated most, where the epithets came thickest and foulest, and the bottles flew at his head from chicken-hearted whites, sitting in their anonymity in the stands, he suddenly blossomed into a power hitter. This was 1964, Lee May 21 years old, 6-3, 195 pounds. He led the league in games played and in runs batted in, with 110. He belted 25 home runs. He batted .303. How does May explain the blossoming?

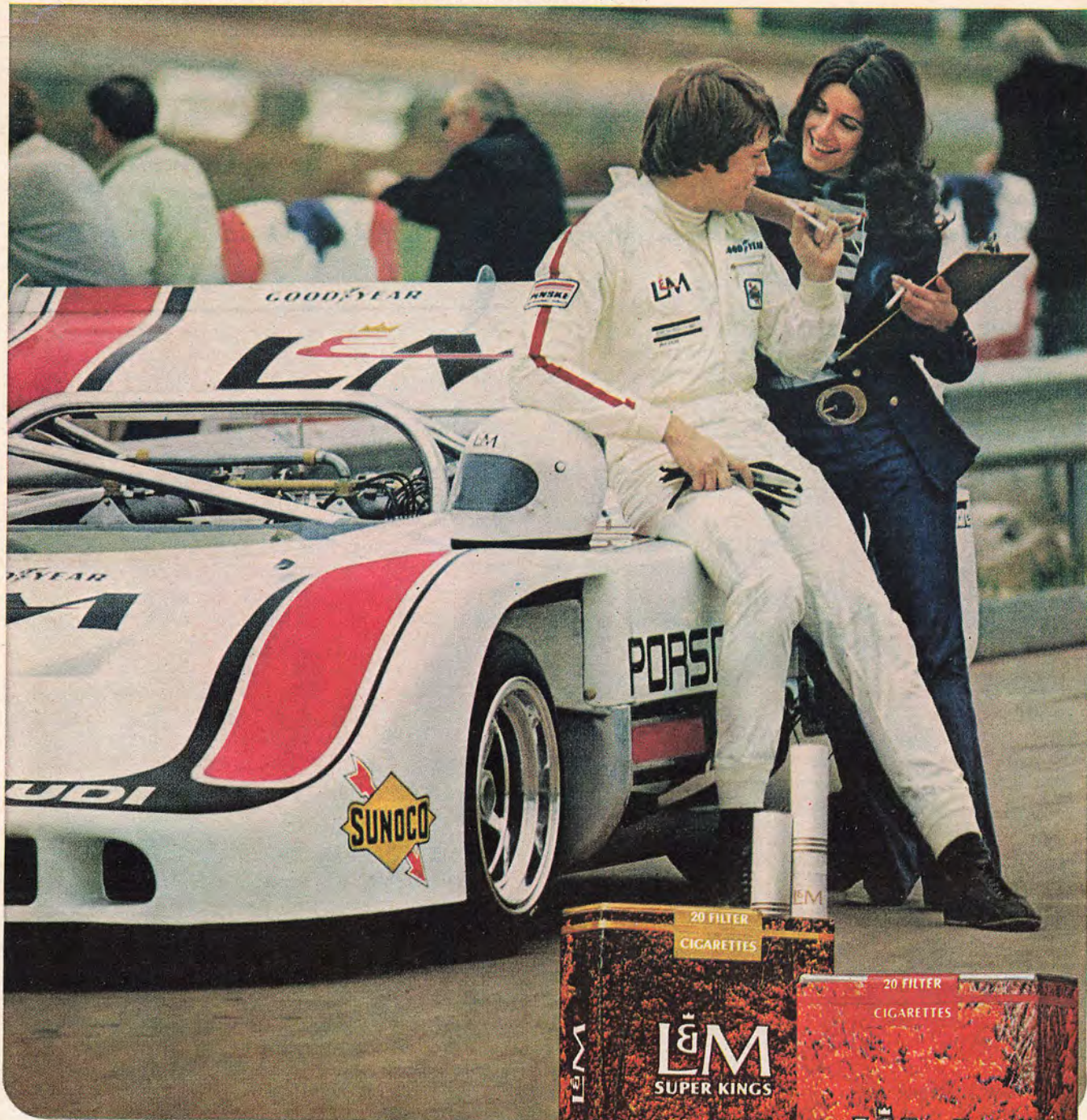
"I was real tight when I started. I had an even shorter stroke then. Too tight. In Macon, maybe it was the hot weather. I relaxed. I started going for the long ball. If I was to make the majors, I felt I had to do something. I wasn't the best fielder in the world. I could run pretty well, but not that well. I had to hit with power, to make it."

Those are the physical reasons. Anger probably played a part. He'd lived in garages, "or anyplace people would rent to me. Blacks couldn't room in the same place as white players. Restaurants wouldn't serve me." Feeling like an animal, he let it out on the field. Rage was in that short fierce stroke. Even today, when you see Lee May at the plate, he is an awesome sight. Other men are as big; some are bigger. May makes the bat look like the proverbial toothpick. He waggles it nearly straight up, in tiny increasingly swift circles, whipping the air before the pitch. "I do it," he says, "to generate bat speed." He does it to mash baseballs. His speech is swift and staccato, not at all the liquid drawl of a Southerner. He is the man in baseball pitchers are learning you do not knock down. Knock Lee May down, and you pay for it. Sparky Anderson used to say, "Make Lee May mad, and he is an altogether different hitter, a 100 percent better hitter."

Carl Morton once decked May at Riverfront Stadium. Not a brushback pitch, but a pitch—says May—"right in line with my head." When he got back in, "I wanted to hit the ball over the roof of the stadium." He merely hit it halfway up the left-centerfield seats. In Wrigley Field, after May had twice singled, Bill



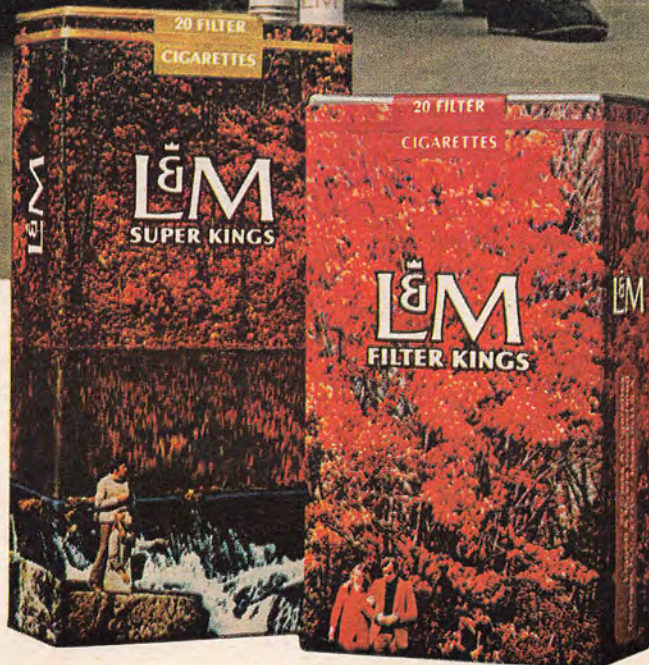
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Hands knocked him down. May hit the next pitch out, and Sparky Anderson said, "After a while you'd think pitchers would learn not to throw at Lee. He's surely not going to hurt them with singles."

May reflects on it all in good humor. Once he said of his Cincy teammates, "They get all the handshakes. I get all the knockdown pitches." It is an expansive, forgiving Lee May these days. "I may strike out four or five times in a night. I don't throw my bat at the pitcher. Better still, the pitcher may strike Jimmy Wynn and me out; the next man up, Bob Watson, isn't going to throw his bat at the pitcher."

But that is today, the pressure off. People don't headhunt for Lee May's skull. They've learned. In the old days, especially in the minors, working his way up slowly, everything was dog-eat-dog. In 1965, he got out of the South for the first time, other than those winters in Latin America. In 1965, he played at San Diego, for Dave Bristol, and baseball became a pleasure. He had a great season, hitting .321, batting in 103 runs, with 34 homers. He was the league's Most Valuable Player. And he developed an admiration for Dave Bristol he's never had in the same degree for any other manager. "I had more respect for Dave Bristol. He gave me a lot of inspiration. He showed me things. He gave me confidence in myself. He told me not to worry. He said I'd play until I proved I couldn't. That's the opposite of some managers."

Bristol, now at liberty after losing his job with Milwaukee, returns the compliments. "You never had to tell Lee to take extra fielding practice. Before you even have a chance, he'll ask you to fungo him some groundballs. The guy is a delight to have on a club."

After his great year with San Diego in 1965, May reported to the Cincinnati training camp in the spring of '66, fully expecting a real shot at making the big team. He'd spent a long apprenticeship. He'd made substantial progress. Look at his home runs, those first five minor-league years: 0, 10, 18, 25, 34. He'd driven in 213 runs his last two seasons, at Macon and San Diego. So he reported to camp, looking for that real shot.

He played nine innings in a B game. When the season started, he pinch hit five times. The Red manager, Don Heffner, sent him down to Buffalo. "Some shot," Lee May sniffs in disdain.

This time they couldn't make it stick. He hit over .300 at Buffalo, stole 11 bases in 14 attempts, and in September, the Reds, with a new manager, brought him up. The new manager? Dave Bristol. May played first base the rest of the season and hit .333 in 25 ballgames.

A year later he had to fight Tony Perez for the first base job, and May lost, but at least he was on the

club. Then Deron Johnson, over at third base, hurt himself, and Perez moved to third, and May moved off the bench. The *Sporting News* declared him its Rookie of the Year. May became part of that Big Red Machine, cannonading first old Crosley Field and then new Riverfront Stadium, climaxed in 1970 with a World Series appearance against Baltimore.

In that 1970 Series, Lee May got his first real public attention. He led all Red regulars with a .398 average (Hal McRae batted .455, in three games, platooned against Baltimore's lefthanded throwers). He belted two doubles and two homers among his seven hits. His eight runs batted in led all players on both clubs. He made his hits count. In the first game, May's two-run homer gave the Reds an early 3-0 lead; Baltimore rallied to win, 4-3. In the second game, May's double drove in two runs in the first inning; Baltimore won, 6-5. He had a hit and scored a run, in the 9-3 rout by Baltimore in game number 3. In the fourth game, May went two for three. His second hit came in the eighth inning. The Reds trailed, 5-3. Jim Palmer walked Perez. Johnny Bench singled. Earl Weaver brought in Eddie Watt. May hit Watt's first pitch, a high fastball, 430 feet into the left-centerfield bleachers, and the 6-5 lead held up. May had a hit in the fifth game, to make him the only Red to hit safely in every contest. He started two 3-6-3 doubleplays; he handled 51 chances perfectly at first base. You cannot have a better Series, unless your name is Brooks Robinson.

**T**hat was the peak of his Cincinnati experience. He's had other high spots. He played in an All-Star game, and came up cold, facing Sam McDowell. May is a guess hitter. He looked for McDowell smoke and got instead two slow breaking balls that left him with two strikes and a vast sense of embarrassment. It ended mercifully. "McDowell threw me the high hard one, and it was goodbye. I was happy to strike out, just playing in an All-Star game against guys like that."

May sees the silver lining in things. There are worse moments than striking out against McDowell in an exhibition. May spoke on the phone to his old Cincinnati pal, Tony Perez, and Perez told how he'd hurt his hand recently. "He got jammed by McDowell," he told me. "The coach stole a sign and gave it to Tony—a curveball was coming. So Tony leaned in, and instead McDowell threw his fastball in tight." Perez's hand still hurt.

May does not permit himself to get into situations like that. He refuses to take stolen signals from a coach. "I get tied up, thinking. I think yes, he is going to throw me the breaking ball, like the coach says. Then I think no, the pitcher's figured out we've stolen the sign, and he's going to throw a fastball. I'm in the middle. I don't know what to look for."

That's the given reason. The real reason is more



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basic: "I like to boil it down to me and the pitcher. Nobody can hit for me. I have to do it myself."

Doing things for yourself in Houston has been a problem in the past. Harry Walker likes to manage, and at times over-manage. Walker is not averse to walking out on the field and dressing down a player for goofing off. Or engaging in a screaming match in the locker room. This season, thus far, there's been less of it. "He gives us a free hand," says Lee May. "He let the guys do what they want."

Walker can afford to. He has more depth than he's ever had at Houston. May doesn't come out and predict an Astro pennant; he is too much the realist. But he sees Houston right up there, with the Dodgers, and very likely Cincinnati. "The team with the most depth, the team with men coming hot off the bench, will win it," he says. "But there's a long time to go."

Meanwhile, it's up to the nine men on the field. And all those managers and coaches and video tapes will not take the place of the lonely man at bat. Nobody can hit for him when he slumps. What does May do, then? For one thing, he doesn't get cute.

"I just go up and swing. I don't try to hit the ball through the middle, or slap the ball to right. When I do that I take the bat away from myself." Nor does he fret. "Sometimes it seems I'm in a slump all year. When I go bad, I really go bad. But even when I'm in a slump, I'll still pop 'em out occasionally. I'll still hit one out and maybe drive in three runs."

The toughest pitchers in the league, he says, are Bob Gibson, Fergie Jenkins and Bill Hands. "They all throw exceptional sliders, with pinpoint control. They all hit that outside corner with the slider."

But he hangs in, against them, against anybody. He does not bail out. He takes his cuts, and he tries to make them honest cuts. "With two strikes, I don't cheat myself. I still swing for the home run. I'm paid to hit home runs. Every time I cut down on my swing, I'm a different hitter. I have a short compact swing. I can't really cut down." Can't? Won't.

Still, it works, whatever he's been doing. If the .300 hitter isn't dead, he's disabled, and Lee May comes into 1972 with a respectable .274 lifetime mark, an average of 37 home runs and 100-plus runs batted in the past three years. He also brought a reputation to Houston, and for a while it added extra pressure. On a team whose leading home run hitter in 1971 was little Joe Morgan, with 13 homers, Lee May was expected to provide the big punch.

"At first it bothered me some. I would have to supply the power. But now the pressure's off. There's always somebody to pick you up, Rader, Watson, Jimmy Wynn. Each night, it seems, somebody's hot. It's like Cincinnati the year we won. Tony Perez car-

ried us at first. Then Johnny Bench. Then when they seemed to get tired, I got hot at the end."

Lee May has changed the whole look of the Houston attack. Pitchers can't be too careful with Jim Wynn, not with May waiting on deck. Wynn hit just seven home runs in 123 games last season. This year he had seven home runs in a month. If pitchers try to work around May, they end up with young Bob Watson who is looking more and more like a bona fide big-league slugger this season. They tried just that in Chicago early in the season, May coming to bat in the tenth inning of a tied ball game, two men out, and nobody on base. Pete Reiser, filling in for Leo Durocher, decided to take no chances on May, who already had two hits. He ordered May walked intentionally. Watson promptly doubled, and May scored from first with the winning run.

Naturally Lee May can't do it all at the plate. Half the game is defense, and it is this half he works on hardest. That, too, is unusual. No matter how poorly a big-league player fields, he still treats fielding practice as a time killer. It is the batting cage he loves. Lee May enjoys taking his licks, but he thinks it can be overdone. "Some hitters work too much on their hitting. You can overstress hitting. I see guys take 15-20 minutes of extra B.P.—batting practice—and they end up too tired to do anything but lunge at the ball. You get into bad habits that way. Last season when I got tired, I just stopped taking B.P. at all."

But he doesn't stop having somebody hit groundballs at him. That is his weakness, and he knows it. "Anybody can catch a thrown ball," he says. "Groundballs are different." Other parts of fielding give him trouble. "I don't much like holding a man on first when you've got a lefthanded hitter like Wilver Stargell or Billy Williams at the plate. I flinch when they swing. The other day I was holding a runner on when Billy Williams hit a shot right at me. By the time I got my glove down, Jimmy Wynn was fielding the ball in rightfield."

Lee May will not fret. He will make his errors, and he will strike out his 130 times or so, and he will leave men on base and go 0-for-5 not just once, but many times. Pitchers will get him out once, twice, three times, make him look bad, have him fishing. What does Lee May think?

"To me it's a challenge. I've always liked a good challenge. I believe I can hit him. I'll hurt him, one way or another."

That is what Houston has bartered for. They liked him so well when they got him, they sent Lee May out on a promotional tour, speaking at Rotary banquets and the like. And how did May feel about that?

"At the mike, I choke," he says. "It's the only place."







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(Continued from page 39)

believe that football is beginning to suffer from over-exposure; this season looks like last season; all tight ends make the same moves. The owners may have killed the golden goose."

Diamond's comments bear out one simple fact: Until the pro football fan (or the fan of other sports not so lavishly displayed on the weekend) begins to tune out the meaningless games on the tail-ends of Sunday doubleheaders, there will not be a lessening of the amount of TV football on Sunday afternoons. As far as I'm concerned, that's fine—but the one danger is that by the time fans do begin to dial out meaningless games, TV may have brought pro football and other sports so far down the line to overexposure that they may have passed the point of no return. Television rights are so important to sports franchises that without them some teams might be wiped out.

The point is this: If all of a sudden in the next few years the networks should decide that it simply isn't worthwhile for them to outbid each other for the major sports packages (\$46 million for pro football, \$42.5 million for all broadcast baseball, network and local, over \$12 million for college football, etc.), then the owners of pro sports, who are in business to turn a profit, not (necessarily) to win a pennant, will have to turn to other sources for their money.

Three possible alternative sources to regular television and radio are pay-TV, cable-TV, and theater-TV.

Newly announced FCC rules put pay sportscasting ("subscription television") at least five years into the future. By "pay," I mean over-the-air broadcasting (or cable distribution) requiring a special decoder device on the home set to receive the scrambled TV picture—or some other system insuring the entrepreneur a payment from viewers on a per-program or channel basis. The new rules provide that a sports event may not be presented live for pay for five years after it has been presented on conventional, advertiser-supported TV. The concern that some have with subscription television is that it might "siphon off" sports events that are capable of being supported by advertising, thus forcing the sports fan to pay for what he used to receive with commercials. On the other hand, less popular sports which may not attract a mass audience big enough for commercial TV

might find a home in subscription television. Thus, subscription television, while considered by some to be a menace, can be viewed simply as a supplement, an additional choice, a way to provide for minority tastes that cannot be served economically by commercial broadcasting.

Although the recently announced FCC rules will undoubtedly seriously retard the advance of cable television, especially in big cities, cable is an idea whose time has come. Most people in small towns are familiar with cable, but people in big cities may not be. Cable television is a system of bringing TV to the home on a coaxial cable instead of through the air by broadcasting. While a standard TV set might at best be capable of receiving five to ten signals, a cable system can bring in from 20 to 40 signals—or more. Cable is paid for through a monthly service fee, usually around six dollars. The fee allows for good, clear reception and the receipt of "distant" signals from other cities.

What about sports and cable? Even more than subscription television, cable makes it possible for relatively unpopular sports to make it to the TV screen. And cable technology provides the opportunity for sports fans in one city to watch the local telecast of sports events clear across the country. Thus, for example, Atlanta Braves baseball fans could watch the St. Louis Cardinals' games as broadcast on KSD-TV, or the Boston Red Sox' games as broadcast on WBZ-TV, as well as whatever Braves' games are broadcast on WSB-TV, Atlanta. All this is technically possible—but the FCC rules make it quite difficult, by limiting the number of "distant" signals a cable system can import to its local subscribers. In addition, proposed FCC rules would even further limit the amount of "distant sports" that can be shown on a cable system.

The proposed FCC rule states that no cable system located within the "Grade B contour" of a city (about 70-75 miles) can show a live baseball, hockey, basketball or football game if there is a game of the same sport being played in that city, unless the telecast game is already being shown on a TV station available on the cable system. What this boils down to is that the FCC proposes to broaden the already-existing "black-out" provisions of the law to include cable systems 75 miles away from

the city where the home game is being played. The purpose of this rule is said to be to protect the home team's "gate," but it appears that the real purpose is to protect the local TV monopoly rights parceled out by the home team to a local TV station.

Here's an example. Suppose the Seattle SuperSonics of the NBA were playing at home. A cable system 60 miles away wants to bring in the broadcast of a Chicago Bull game from a TV station in Chicago. The new rule would prohibit this, even if the cable system was located in an area where receipt of Seattle TV stations was practically impossible. The "rationale" would be that the Sonics' home "gate" needs to be protected against the competition of the Bulls' TV game. Is that true? In any event, the fan is the loser.

There is some question whether such a rule should even be applied to a small metropolitan area around a city where a live game is being played. But extending it out much farther, as the FCC proposes, is, in my mind, a rather gross violation of the public's interest in the widest possible availability of programming.

Some people think subscription television and cable are positive menaces because they require a special fee, either on a monthly or a per-program basis. But "free TV" (commercial TV) is not really "free" either. The sports fan pays for "free TV" with the limitation that he has on the number of choices he has available to him on his TV set. He also pays his share of the \$4 billion a year in broadcast advertising costs that manufacturers include in their products' retail prices. Surely the American sports fan would be willing to pay the cable system a monthly fee in order to increase the number of available ballgames to six or seven from around the country (not to mention his interest in music and cultural programming from sources other than the three networks). Of course, there is also the possibility of a "subscription cable" service in which a per-program charge might be added to the monthly fee for special programs. However, FCC rules prohibit pay "cablecasting" of a sports event that has not been kept off over-the-air TV for two years. Since it is virtually unthinkable that the Super Bowl, the World Series or even the Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament will be kept off TV for two years in order to get it on cable, we can as-



sume it is highly unlikely subscription cable will siphon off major sports events. As for subscription TV, it lacks diversity (the number of over-the-air stations are severely limited), but there is still the possibility of televising relatively unpopular sports for those willing to pay to watch.

Finally, we come to closed-circuit theater TV, which is not really within the domain of the FCC. In 1971 there was a tremendous furor over the televising of the Muhammed Ali-Joe Frazier fight on closed-circuit theater TV. For the promoter, Jack Kent Cooke, the decision not to show the fight on home TV was a purely financial one—there was more money to be made selling a limited number of seats at upwards of ten and twenty dollars a seat than by selling the TV rights to a TV network for home broadcast. Recently there have been rumors that Pete Rozelle and the NFL have been thinking about closed-circuit TV.

My own feeling about closed-circuit theater TV is that for major sports events like a heavyweight championship fight it is essentially unfair and even undemocratic for the right to watch the TV version of the fight to cost \$20 and be limited to a few hundred thousand or even a million or so sports fans. On the other hand, in a free private enterprise system, we generally allow an entrepreneur like Jack Kent Cooke to choose the most profitable way to market his product. My own rule of thumb, were I a member of Congress, would be this: Only if it were economically impossible for the fight to be shown on home TV (because of the need for an extremely large audience to make it profitable) would I allow theater TV.

As critical as I have been of TV networks and stations for failing to provide adequate service to the people of this country, when it comes to sports I believe that—except for the blackouts—generally they have done a pretty good job. The danger for the average TV sports fan is that there may be so much sports on TV that the point of no return has been reached—and that sports promoters will begin to look to specialized TV markets like closed-circuit theater TV in order to reap the profits to keep the sport alive. It will be a sad day for Joe Fan to wake up and realize that the golden goose has been killed, and that he has to fork over five or ten dollars to his neighborhood theater to watch his favorite team. ■

(Continued from page 50)

strange sight on the athletic fields of Friends Central School, near the Phillips house in West Philadelphia—Clifford Ray, a 6-11 giant, running laps on the track. On his shoulders was "The Cub," Phillips' two-year-old son, Richie Jr.

Ray spent a week at the Phillips' house, performing odd jobs for Phillips' wife Ellen or babysitting for the four kids. He had come from South Carolina, distraught over difficulties in purchasing a home for his parents in the small town of Union.

A week later, Phillips and Ray flew to Union. The lawyer convinced the Rays to stay in town among their friends and helped his client settle on a piece of property that was to everyone's liking.

Ray laughs now when he thinks back to those frustrating first days in the NBA. He had been battling for the Bulls' center job with Tom Boerwinkle. And just when it seemed as though he was making progress along would come a sudden benching or some harsh words of reprimand from Dick Motta, the coach. Ray, the bewildered rookie, naturally turned to Phillips.

"When I was with the DA's office," says Phillips, "the phone would ring all hours of the night. It was always a murder and off I'd go to investigate it. Now it was two o'clock in the morning and it's Clifford Ray from the Coast. He's telling me he didn't start against the Lakers, the coach seems mad at him and like what should he do. Naturally, I've got to give him some words of encouragement. Then I turn to my wife, 'Hey Ellen, this new job. It's beautiful.'"

Wally Jones would call later and tell him about a new organization called Concerned Athletes in Action. They were starting with mostly pro basketball stars and the idea was to work, through basketball clinics and school lectures, toward the prevention of drug abuse. Before the conversation was over, Richie Phillips was the legal counselor for Concerned Athletes in Action.

"I didn't get an agent. I got a friend for life," says Jones. "The man helped me buy a home in Milwaukee. I got some friends from the ghetto back in Philly. They're in some trouble. Richie's doing what he can. The point is, the man didn't come and go at contract time. He stayed around."

Of course, Phillips had always "been

around." He had grown up in the same West Philadelphia neighborhood that produced Wilt Chamberlain—and Wally Jones. Jones, in fact, lived only two blocks away from Phillips. And although Jones attended Overbrook High, while Phillips was at St. Thomas More, throughout childhood they were nodding acquaintances. Undoubtedly, Phillips' close contact with blacks and black culture—including the street culture of city basketball—has given him an edge in his dealing with black athletes. He not only understands their financial needs, he understands them.

Now, between appointments with general managers, realtors and athletes of varying temperaments, Phillips also maintains one of Philadelphia's most lucrative criminal practices. Sixteen hour workdays are commonplace, but worth the effort.

Although it is unlikely that Phillips, now 31, will ever be able to duplicate his rookie year as a contract negotiator, his family of clients is growing rapidly. Basketball star Chris Ford and pass receiver Mike Siani, the two most prominent Villanova athletes of last year, were the most noteworthy recent additions to the Phillips fold. Siani was the top draft choice of the Oakland Raiders and signed for more money than ever given to a Raiders' draft choice. Ford was the second draft pick of the Detroit Pistons and received more money than most number one picks in the NBA.

The Siani deal brought more grizzly than panda out of The Bear. Negotiations with the Raiders were by telephone to a large extent and, with the opposition headed by hard-nosed GM Al Davis, illustrated all the extremes of the bargaining spectrum. At one point, the Raiders made an offer in a salary range they felt was generous and suggested a meeting with Phillips and his client to discuss it. "Bleep you," Phillips barked into the phone. "There ain't going to be no meeting." End of conversation.

The family numbers in the 20's now. It is not uncommon to see a dinner table at the Phillips' home that includes wife Ellen, the four kids, Clifford Ray, Norm Van Lier, Joby Wright, Chris Ford and assorted wives and girl friends.

Unfortunately, according to Richie's wife, Ellen, the head of the clan rarely finds time to attend. He's too busy, out adopting NBA and NFL orphans. ■



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## WILBUR WOOD

*(Continued from page 57)*

pitch a lot, as I did—every breaking-ball pitcher must pitch a lot to keep sharp. Wood never gets upset on the mound. Neither did I. A fastball pitcher can blow his stack and work off his anger by just rearing back and firing as hard as he can. A finesse pitcher is dead if he gets red-necked. Because I did things Woody's way I can relate to him, and I think that's why I can help him at times."

Wood talks about his knuckler the way a loving mother talks about a new baby. When he picks up a ball to demonstrate, he fondles it.

The knuckler is really a fingertip pitch, involving only the first two fingers of the pitching hand, in Wood's case the left. While holding the ball, his thumb, ring finger and pinky are all in the same position as for any other pitch. But only the tips of the first two fingers rest on the ball, and no finger touches a seam. The pitch is thrown with a natural overhand motion and is so easy on the arm because there is no twisting or turning of elbow or wrist.

"Other than the position of the first two fingers," Wood explained,

"the big thing is to keep all your fingers off the seam so the ball won't rotate more than one and a half times on its way to the plate. Wilhelm's knuckler doesn't even rotate that much. The least spin beyond a revolution and a half will keep the ball from breaking and make it act like a hanging curve."

He paused, shook his head, and grinned.

"Brother," he said, "when your knuckler spins they'll hit it a long way—a long, long way. That means anybody, not just a power hitter. Ike Brown of the Tigers has hit less than 20 home runs in his three years in the big leagues. The longest, which just missed going out of Comiskey Park in Chicago, was off me."

Now he was laughing, a merry deep-throated laugh, for Wood never laughs longer or louder than when laughing at himself. Overhearing him, a neighboring player remarked, "Cheez, he must have just pulled another of his practical jokes or told a story on himself."

Wood's practical jokes are standard operating procedure in the White Sox locker room. Aside from the conventional hotfoot, at which he is an expert, Wood spends a good deal of his spare time thinking up gags so complicated they sometimes take months to burst into flower.

There was the time early last season when he began collecting Johnny Sain's cigar butts. Since Sain is an inveterate cigar smoker, the pile of butts in the box where Wood kept them grew like Topsy, and by Labor Day there were over a hundred. Enclosing a birthday card, Wood sealed the box and gave it to Charley Saad, the club trainer, to wrap. With tender loving care, Saad put white paper and a thick red ribbon tied in a bow around it and left it in Sain's locker early on Sain's birthday, September 25. Sain fell apart when he opened it, and to this day chuckles at a Wood caper that took practically a whole season to engineer.

Sain once made the mistake of leaving Wood in charge of working out the pitchers in the first week of spring training.

"What he says goes," Sain ordered.

As he started walking away he heard Wood yell, "All right, gang. Do five wind sprints, five jumping jacks, and go in."

Half a minute later Sain watched his whole pitching staff head happily

for the locker room. He grinned and said, "Okay, Woody's the boss," but he never made Woody the boss again.

Wood's wife, Sandy, a blue-eyed blonde who went through junior high and high school with him, calls him "Woody." Devoted to her and their three children, Wendy, Derron and Christen, Wood is a straight-arrow guy in a swingers' paradise.

Except when he throws the knuckler. Though serious about the pitch that gave him a new baseball life, he grins when he discusses it. He also sometimes drives his own teammates mad by throwing it in batting practice. "I'd rather be behind Woody than in front of him when he throws that thing," says Bill Melton, the White Sox third baseman who was the American League's home run king last year. "I can't get five good pieces of the ball in ten swings off him."

The White Sox third baseman, who goes to the mound whenever Tanner holds a council of war there, marvels at Wood's imperturbability under any and all circumstances. "No matter what happens," says Melton, "Woody never changes expression or shows annoyance during a ballgame. One day in Kansas City when Tanner came out of the dugout after he had walked the leadoff man on four pitches, Woody said, 'Don't worry, Skip, I've got everything under control.' He *had* everything under control, too. But not long after that when Oakland had collected 11 hits in four innings, Woody, in exactly the same tone and with exactly the same expression as that night in Kansas City, calmly told Tanner, 'Everything's working, Skip, but they're just hitting the hell out of it.' That time he came out."

Oakland was one of the few clubs with a winning record over Wood last year. Ed Herrmann, who catches Wood more often than anyone else, says a club like the A's will always give a knuckleball pitcher trouble. "Last year Woody could handle Reggie Jackson and Rick Monday, their big hitters," Herrmann said. "But they've got a lot of slap hitters who choke up and just punch the ball."

Herrmann, who caught Wilhelm and helped teach Tom Egan, the other regular White Sox catcher, to handle Wood, is one of the few receivers who don't mind knuckleball pitchers. "Woody's the toughest be-



cause his ball comes in hard and fast." Herrmann says. "Wilhelm's ball moved around more, but it floated and you could get set for it. I can usually tell which side of the plate Woody's pitch will come in, but there's no way you can judge the height. If he comes down straight, the ball will be over the middle. If his hand is out when he lets the ball go, it will be inside to a lefthanded hitter. If his hand is in, it will come inside to a righthander."

Herrmann smiled, then said, "I'm not giving away any state secrets. The only man in the park who can tell which way Woody releases the ball is the catcher, and even he won't know until he's handled Woody for years because the differences in his release of the ball are so slight. I can't tell from the batter's box and I'm not sure even Woody knows the difference."

"I don't," Wood says. "I have no idea what any pitch of mine will do. All I ever want is to get it over the plate. I always try to throw it straight and if I turn my hand slightly one way or the other from time to time I'm not aware of it."

The first thing that manager Eddie Stanky told Wood when he reported to the White Sox in 1967 was: "You won't make this club as a starter or short reliever. We got you just for long relief."

"Those were tough words from the manager your second day in a new camp," Wood said. "But the way I was then, Stanky had no choice. He knew my fastball wasn't fast enough and my breaking ball didn't break enough for the big leagues. All I had was control and the only thing that happens to a control pitcher who can't overpower or fool good hitters is that he'll get bombed. I needed another pitch to keep them guessing and with Wilhelm helping me, the knuckler was it."

By throwing the knuckler every day and virtually junking all his other pitches, Wood was soon the most consistent reliever in baseball. In 1968 he won the "Fireman-of-the-Year" award by appearing in an American League record 88 games, and he led the league in appearances in each of the two years that followed.

As a starter, he may now be on his way to pitching the White Sox to a pennant. If his knuckler stands up they've got a chance. If it doesn't they're just another ballclub. ■

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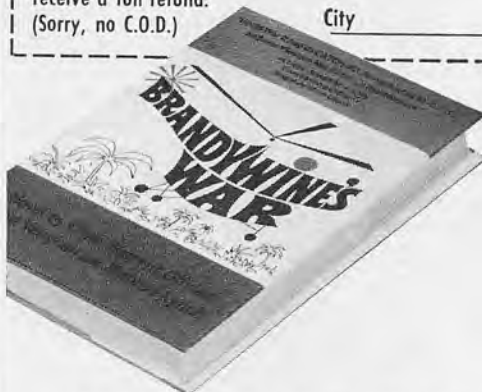
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"Marsha? Is that you?"





(Continued from page 47)

without having inept targets to throw to, not to mention that two of the pitchers were knuckleballers Phil Niekro and Hoyt Wilhelm, so coming up with a catcher was a prime aim in spring camp.

The problem was never solved at West Palm Beach, but suddenly last June 20 in a Sunday afternoon game at Cincinnati catching became a strong point for the Braves and a star was born. Earl Craig Williams Jr., who had been nominated as a "Star of the Seventies" by this magazine but had found himself blocked out by veterans at first and third base upon arriving in Atlanta, finally consented to put on the mask and go behind the plate. He handled himself like a veteran in that very first game. He also hit a grand-slam homer in a 5-4 loss. That was the beginning. From the day he became the club's regular catcher, Atlanta recorded the best won-lost record in the NL West, and Williams went on to hit 33 home runs and be named the National League Rookie of the Year.

As the '72 season began, then, Earl Williams had come to fruition. Eleven of today's superstars picked him, along with Vida Blue, as the leading candidate for superstar status in the Seventies in a *SPORT* poll. "The day he learns to set himself and throw, with the arm he's got, he's going to be a hell of a catcher," says Richards, noting that the ability to work with pitchers "comes with time." Phil Niekro was amazed that he could "step right in and catch like he'd been doing it for over ten years." Still, it is as a hitter that he excels. Playing at an awesome 6-3 and 220 pounds, he is best described as being murderous at the plate. "He's no picture hitter," says Richards, who believes Williams has the ability to average .300 and hit 40 homers a year, "but if a pitcher makes a mistake he'll hit it out." His only weakness at the plate is the outside fastball ("Hell," says Richards, "that's everybody's weakness"), but he is so strong that he even gets base hits off that one. In the end it may be Williams' quiet but supreme confidence that propels him into the stardom everyone seems to be expecting. "I have a tendency to become over-anxious, to be my own worst enemy," he said recently. Was he worried about the pitchers catching up with him? "Hell, they tried everything they could last

year. Eddie Mathews was telling me a lot of guys get lackadaisical when they know they've won a job on the ballclub, but I don't suffer from that kind of attitude."

This is coming a long way for a precocious young man who became so despondent four years ago, when he was only 20 but in his third year of pro baseball, that he almost gave it up. A product of Montclair (New Jersey) High School, just west of Newark, he had forsaken a college basketball scholarship to sign with the Braves ("Mainly because Hank Aaron was always my idol"). The Braves agreed to pay his way through college, and for the first three years he studied broadcast journalism at Ithaca College in New York—not going off to play until classes had ended in June. "That's what really hurt me," he says, "not going to spring training. I'd report in late May or early June and try to play my way into shape, and that retarded me for a couple of weeks, so by the time I was ready to really start playing it'd be the middle of the summer almost." He played only 31 games at Sarasota in '66, when he was turning 18, hitting only .211 with one homer. The next year he hit only .251 with seven homers at West Palm Beach.

He dragged the bottom during the summer of '68. During the offseason he had undergone surgery on a knee he messed up while playing intramural basketball, and by the time he was ready to play for Greenwood in the Western Carolina League he found himself back at Class A West Palm. "I was in pain all the time, not doing well, in my third year and still at the bottom. I felt I wasn't getting anywhere. There were so many guys ahead of me. I never jumped the club or anything, but I was ready to hang it up." Giving himself one more shot, he decided to make his first spring training prior to the '69 season, and that is what he credits with the about-face. He was again dispatched to Greenwood and promptly hit .340 with 33 homers in 103 games.

Making a catcher out of Williams was Paul Richards' idea, and Williams fought it until he could fight it no more. "I saw this big, tough, rangy kid, and I also knew we didn't have any catchers in the farm system," Richards recalls. Williams was ordered to try it out in the instructional league before the '70 season

and in Puerto Rico before the '71 season, which he did with a decided lack of enthusiasm. Catching was too demanding, he felt, and he was afraid it would lead to more minor-league seasoning while he learned the new position.

The final decision was born out of desperation, on the part of the Braves and Williams, and was presented practically in the form of a catch-or-get-packed-for-Richmond ultimatum. "I caught the last inning of a game in New York, and a couple of days later I looked at the lineup card and I was the starting catcher." Immediately it began to look like a wise move, for a couple of days later he did a masterful job of handling Niekro's mean knuckler. "I had to learn everything from scratch, on the job: The pitching staff, the hitters, throwing to second, putting my hitting out of my mind. I had to go into another conditioning program, because catching's the most demanding position on the field."

Williams was born and raised about seven miles west of Newark, the son of a factory worker. "Poverty has a lot of dimensions," he says. "We weren't poor in the sense that we never had anything to eat, or never had a place to sleep, but I guess you could say we were poor." His parents are second-generation black Southern migrants—a grandmother of his used to play in pickup sandlot baseball games around Augusta, Georgia, with the children of Ty Cobb—and are now divorced. Always bigger than the other kids his age, Earl started into sports early in the Little League program. "I played football in high school, but didn't like it because they made me a guard and linebacker." He liked basketball a lot more. "I was 6-2 and weighed 215 when I was in high school, and idolized Elgin Baylor. I had 'E BAYLOR' painted on the sides of my basketball shoes." When he led his team with a 20-point scoring average as a burly forward he got a basketball scholarship to Ithaca College, but a deeper love of baseball made him go with the Braves.

Among the baseball fans in Atlanta, a city that has had all too little to cheer about since the disintegration of the NBA Hawks and the plodding NFL Falcons, Earl Williams represents a cocky new hope for the future. When he steps to the



plate he is serenaded with an organ rendition of a Fifties rock 'n' roll song, *The Duke of Earl*. His towering home runs excite the crowd. He lacks only a clear personality to become a true darling of the Atlanta fans. "Nobody's ever been able to get next to him, to find out who he is," says a Braves official.

By his own assessment, Williams is a loner. He lives by himself during the season in a luxury apartment on the transitional south side of Atlanta. In the offseason he goes back home to live with his mother in New Jersey. (But this winter he thinks he will stay in Atlanta so he can do whatever he can to help elect the Rev. Andrew Young, a bright young former aide to Martin Luther King, to the U.S. House of Representatives.) He lacks three semesters to graduate from college—he plans to go into sports broadcasting eventually, on the theory that "the two careers" of baseball and broadcasting "can be tied in nicely"—and may wait a while before finishing ("Most people hurry up and graduate so they can get a job, but I've got a job now"). He has a tough time finding roommates on the road because of the way he lives in a world of his own ("If the guy ever sleeps, I don't know when," said rookie shortstop Lee Foster last year, his ears pounding from Williams' late-night insomnia usually attended by all-night stereo concerts), and this year he is breaking in fellow catcher Paul Casanova. His only hobby is shooting pool, and when he reads it is most often sociology or other non-fiction ("Could you call *The Naked Ape* sociology?"). He is so good with the ladies that one Atlanta baseball writer nicknamed him "Arby," a reference to the players' use of the word "beef" for available women.

On the surface, then, Earl Williams sounds like just another of those dull young men who have been overpopulating the world of professional sports in America these days; these man-boys with stereos and girls and fancy cars and agents and seductive apartments and only enough ambition to get themselves to the airport for the next road trip. Williams *does* have those material things, and enjoys them as much as the next man, but there is a depth to him that you don't see so much anymore. It is in the way he speaks—"Poverty has several dimensions," and, "My condition

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was reflected in the statistics I put forward," and, "I witnessed the benefits of going to spring training"—and in his point of view. "I can't see the percentage in being an athlete in the closet, so to speak. Nobody wants to be just another guy. So I don't let the pressure worry me. I figure if I'm going to be an athlete, I want to be a star. Let 'em try to keep me from it."

One Atlanta writer had even expressed the opinion that Williams at first seemed to harbor deep militant feelings on the race issue, that he was an angry man who blinked whenever a teammate, in the heat of battle, yelled at him, "Atta-boy." Settling into the motel room he and Casanova would share in Houston for a three-game early-season series against the Astros, Williams laughed at the story. "How did anybody ever get that idea?" he said.

"I probably am a militant," he said, "but different. I mean, I don't think you've got to throw rocks and bombs to be militant. I'm not much of a joiner. I believe in personal involvement, in trying to exemplify black pride. I'm black and I'm proud. I believe in treating people with respect if they treat me with respect."

One thing was bothering him, he said. He had seen what had happened to Johnny Bench after his Rookie-of-the-Year season, with the appearances and the television commercials and Earl had sort of expected some of that for himself during the offseason. He has a lawyer-agent, and he is articulate, and he had a hell of a year in '71, but absolutely nothing had happened except for a few appearances around home. There was no Earl Williams glove in the works, as far as he knew, and he sure hadn't been running back and forth to New York for television.

"I grew up poor, and I'm still poor," he said.

"What is it, a conspiracy or something?"

"It's the powers that be, it's the way it is," he said, being every bit as straightforward as the day he balked at switching to catching. "I don't knock the white athletes. It's just that blacks always get the short end when it comes to these things, just like I always heard. That's why most black athletes want to play in New York, where the issue isn't as big. What can I do about it? Maybe if I keep having years like I did, maybe they'll want me then."

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## WHEN VIC HADFIELD GOT SERIOUS

(Continued from page 52)

difficult thing for Hadfield to press. He cannot control a game, cannot dominate it with the stickhandling of an Orr, the power shot of a Hull. He cannot take the puck and decide: Yes, now is the time! He waits, hopes teammates will feed him the puck and defends his territory. What someone else starts, Hadfield will finish.

But time is against him. The fans are screaming, on their feet, pleading, but Hadfield must wait—until there are only five minutes to play in the season, when he fights for the puck in the left corner, swishing his elbows, burrowing in. Controlling the puck, Vic passes to Jim Neilson on the left point, Neilson to Rod Seiling on the right point, as Hadfield untangles himself from the corner and heads for the net, for his spot. "It's really simple," he says. "If I plant myself there, I don't think there's any defenseman in the league who can move me out."

He reaches his corner just as Seiling's slap shot streaks toward the net. Hadfield picks up his stick, holds it cross-angled in front of him and the puck caroms off, over that mythic barrier and in. Goal No. 50.

The streamers come down from the balcony and rubber balls bounce high off the ice. Hadfield is buried under an avalanche of teammates as he goes to the bench. "We want Vic, we want Vic," comes the shout, the demand. Hadfield steps back on the ice. He punches the air with his left fist. He is smiling.

Perhaps Hadfield became a practical-joker off the ice in compensation. Smiles on the ice have been few and far-between. No team bothered tying Hadfield up at the age of 12 after glimpsing the symptoms of superstardom while he played on some frozen lake in Oakville, Ontario. He did not light up the world in the beginning. "I really wasn't a very good skater at first, and I didn't really score that much," he says. "I had to make everything up with aggressiveness. That was the only thing I knew, how to be aggressive. I remember when I first came into the league," he adds, "whenever we played Montreal, our line was used against Henri Richard's line. Our job wasn't to score, just stop their line. We figured it was Henri who made that line go and my job was to stop him. I really didn't know how. The

only thing I knew how to do was to take a run at him. So that's what I did. That made up for a lot of things."

With only his aggressiveness, Hadfield had been rejected by two junior teams, the breeding grounds for the pros. It cut deep. "I was, what, 18 years old, eh? What else was there for me? You grow up in Oakville, you play hockey. That's what you do and if you're any good, that's what you always want to do. Hockey was my life. I didn't care about anything else. I just wanted to play hockey."

Finally, as the dream was evaporating, the St. Catharines juniors, affiliated with Chicago, took a chance. But Hadfield couldn't make the A team and had to play with the Bs.

But he was big and strong, tough and willing and even though the finesse wasn't there, in 1960 the Black Hawks brought him to their training camp. He was 20 years old, didn't make it and was sent to Buffalo. He didn't make it there, either. In an entire season, 62 games, he scored just five goals. He was an awkward skater, there was an injury problem. And it took more than an instinct for violence to stick with the Black Hawks of Stan Mikita and Bobby Hull. So the next year, in the intra-league draft, the Hawks made Hadfield available. The Rangers made him theirs.

You have to understand something here about the Rangers in the early sixties. "Everybody," remembers Emile Francis, "used to push us around." Maybe Hadfield couldn't score, maybe he didn't skate very well, but no one pushed him around. The Rangers then were slim and agile and morally opposed to hurting anyone. They were ethically pure—and almost never made the playoffs, so enter Hadfield. He looked like an angelic Swedish enforcer. The blond hair was trimmed so tight to the head that it was almost invisible. The mouth always seemed to be set in expectation of a growl. The eyes were hard. He was quiet, and tough, and obedient.

"When I came to the Rangers, Muzz Patrick was the GM and he pretty well told me that my only hope of staying was to be a hitter—be aggressive," Vic recalls. "Red Sullivan, the coach then, felt the same way."

Sullivan felt this way: It's 1964 and Hadfield and Richard fight and



go to the penalty boxes together. When Hadfield returns, the coach bends over and says: "If you get a chance to get Richard in the penalty box, take it and don't worry about the fine for the misconduct. We'll take care of that."

Hadfield took to the job as if he had been fated for it. He is not a big man, and the numbers—six feet, 185 pounds—are not overly impressive. But there is something overwhelmingly *physical* about him, an aura of strength that he seems to push out on you. Maybe it's his face. It's flat and square and the nose is a fighter's, broken and pushed down and in. It's a handsome face, particularly with the stone blue eyes and the now wavy blond hair, but it's also a hard face, hammered nearly flat by the man's profession.

So Hadfield took to his job—"I guess you'd have to say I was an enforcer"—if not with relish, then with determination. "I don't particularly like to fight," he says now. "It was something that I just had to do. I did it so we would get a little respect." But despite his avowed pacifism, in the locker room now, when he is wiping off a shower, when the question is put to him about this fight tonight with Keith Magnuson, or Terry Harper or Don Awrey, there is a twinkle. "I hit him pretty good, didn't I?" Or, "I knew how to get him. I was waiting for him." Or, after a fight with Carol Vadnais in the Stanley Cup final round this year: "I knew who I was going after. I don't make those kind of mistakes."

In those first few years, of course, he was not so selective—he went after almost everybody. Richard, Teddy Green, Orland Kurtenbach, John Ferguson—it wasn't the bum of the month club. "I think," he says, "that I have a pretty good track record." So good that in his first full season with the Rangers, in 1963, he totaled 151 minutes in penalties, the most in the league. And those were shorter seasons then. "I would," he remembers, the mouth curving into a slight grin, "take a run at anyone."

The term is wildman. He'd come racing off the boards, in a deep crouch, his body angled forward. He'd see his quarry, in the corner, lower his head like a bull and charge. As he neared the target area, the shoulder would drop even lower and the body would turn sideways, giving the shoulder a larger impact area.

Before his man was even finished caroming off the boards, Hadfield had his gloves and stick down, waiting. He'd throw the big overhand right, coming down on the top of the other man's skull and then he'd try to bring the left up, into the face. Despite his denials, witnesses could see that he didn't want to just win, he wanted to demolish.

But his haphazard, bull-like charges were often more damaging to the Rangers than to their opponents. In Detroit, his first year, Hadfield came off the bench with the Rangers leading 2-1 in the last period. Eddie Litzenberger had his head down and Hadfield buried his shoulder into the small of Eddie's back. A two-minute penalty; a Red Wing score.

When Hadfield came back, he went for the puck in the corner and slashed wildly. Two more minutes. The Red Wings scored again, and won. Coach George Sullivan was very upset. "I want aggressiveness, sure I want aggressiveness. But the team comes first."

Calm down, Vic. Pick your spots. Use your aggressiveness, don't let it use you. "I was getting penalties for running a man into the boards too hard and things like that. I had to learn to control the aggressiveness."

He did and an incident in the first round of this year's playoff is evidence. Terry Harper, the tall, angular Montreal defenseman, has Hadfield's old job: Instigator. Throughout the game he has been working on the Ranger's high-scoring left wing. Now the two are fighting for the puck in the corner and Harper swings his stick like a bat, barely missing Hadfield.

The two skate up ice with Harper shouting, screaming, daring. They go behind the Montreal net together and Harper tries to push his elbow into Hadfield. The Ranger does a little pirouette and moves out of the way. They bang together in front of the net as play is whistled dead. Harper drops his stick, drops his gloves, holds out his finger and beckons Hadfield: C'mon, c'mon.

Hadfield, whose team is leading, is smiling, shaking his head up and down, nodding—you come here, you come here. The linesman holds an enraged Harper as Hadfield skates slowly, insolently, teasingly to the bench. With a wave of his hand, he gives the ice to his replacement, Glen Sather, a journeyman wing. Sather

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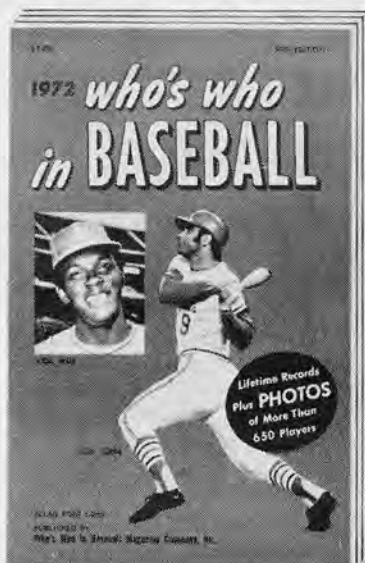


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gets into the fight with Harper.

On Hadfield's next turn on the ice, he is trailing Harper in front of the Montreal bench. He brings his stick all the way back, like an axe, and then brings it forward hard, missing Harper's head by, oh, a half an inch. The players on the Montreal bench jump up, infuriated. "I just wanted to let them all know that I hadn't forgotten what the game's all about," Hadfield says later.

As the aggressiveness became more controlled, the penalties went down and the scoring went up. There were 14 goals, 18, 20 and in 1968-69, 26 goals. That seemed to be the plateau he had reached: Still tough, still willing to fight, but also a player who wasn't going to spend the entire evening in the penalty box, a player who could score a little, too. He had become, as Milt Schmidt, the general manager of the Bruins, put it: "A good, honest hockey player."

And then, suddenly, out of nowhere, the explosion: 50 goals. The good, honest hockey player had turned into a superstar, perhaps the most valuable offensive player on one of the best Ranger teams in history. Says Emile Francis, a loyalist, but also an astute hockey man: "I wouldn't trade him for any left wing in the league."

What happened?

Reasons, reasons, reasons. Everyone had them.

Francis: "First, you have to understand that down along the line, Vic has always had some injuries. Each year something would happen, a broken bone, a dislocation, something. He's never been healthy right from the start like he was this year."

"Then there's our power play. It was so much better this season. Vic got a chance to get a lot of rebounds on it. He scored 26 of his goals on the power play this season."

"Then there's where he's shooting from. Vic always used to shoot from far out, 60, 70 feet sometimes. We've been telling him for a long time to take the puck closer in, but it's been a long process. Or who knows?" Francis adds. "Maybe it has to do with the stick."

It was late in the 1967 season and Hadfield was in the midst of a very . . . uh, bad . . . year. The Rangers were playing Chicago and Hadfield had run out of sticks. He borrowed one from Bobby Hull. It had an inch and a half curve to it and was the

kind of stick with which Hull had been terrorizing the league.

I ask Vic about that fabled stick. He is sitting in an empty Madison Square Garden, a quiet Garden. Hadfield is quiet, too—distant, as if his mind was on last night's game, or tonight's. He is a private person, a man who speaks with difficulty of his own accomplishments, but when the talk turns to hockey, to the specifics of his profession, he comes back from the other world.

"That first night," he remembers, and he nods up and down, "I just fell in love with that stick of Hull's. I scored that night and then I scored a few goals in the next few games. I couldn't stop using it then. I didn't want to. It was exciting watching the goalies get a little scared when I'd get the puck."

With the curved stick, the idea is to shoot the slapshot, whenever you get the opportunity, give it a chance to drop or rise, or move in and out. That's what Hadfield did. But he didn't do much else. "Everybody kept telling me to take the puck in closer, not to shoot from so far out, and you try to, but somehow, it doesn't work out that easily. You just don't suddenly do something because you want to."

Nowadays he takes the puck in, takes it deep, passes it off and plants himself in front of the net, waiting for the rebound, waiting for the return pass, daring someone to move him. "I guess," he says, "that more than half of the goals this year were from right in front."

Hadfield seemed an unlikely choice for the captaincy of the Rangers. He had the seniority but there had been that trouble at the beginning of the 1970 season. Hadfield, Ratelle, Brad Park and Walter Tkaczek all held out for more money. It was the first serious holdout in Ranger history. The players all had a professional agent negotiating for them and Francis, who likes to consider his team as family, wasn't happy. So there were acrimonious exchanges: Francis didn't want to negotiate with the agents; the players didn't want to negotiate without them. Training camp droned on without the holdouts. The rumors started.

"Yeah, definitely," Hadfield says, "I considered quitting, giving it up. I had other things going for me. I wasn't going to have to look for a job."

The obsessed (Continued on page 98)



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- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her—out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

## "How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time—commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk—and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument—called a Tele-Photo Transmitter—that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

**OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS!** Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands..."

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head. I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody—high or low, ignorant or wise—all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

**HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS!** Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could

"tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

**SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES!** Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

**MAKES WOMAN APPEAR—SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR!** With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there—standing before him, as real as life—was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There—smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting—stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

## Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument—your mental equipment—requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire—called a Photo-Form—then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

## "Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning... a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets... a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love... draw favors, gifts, new friends... or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others... men and women in all walks of life... worked every time... and it will work for you, too!"

## Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money... fives, tens, twenties... and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

## A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

## Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

## The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few...

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• **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

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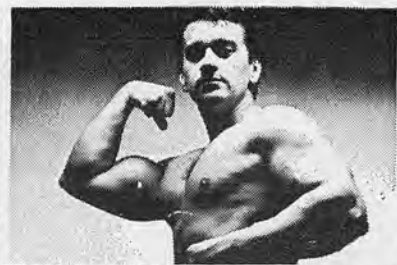
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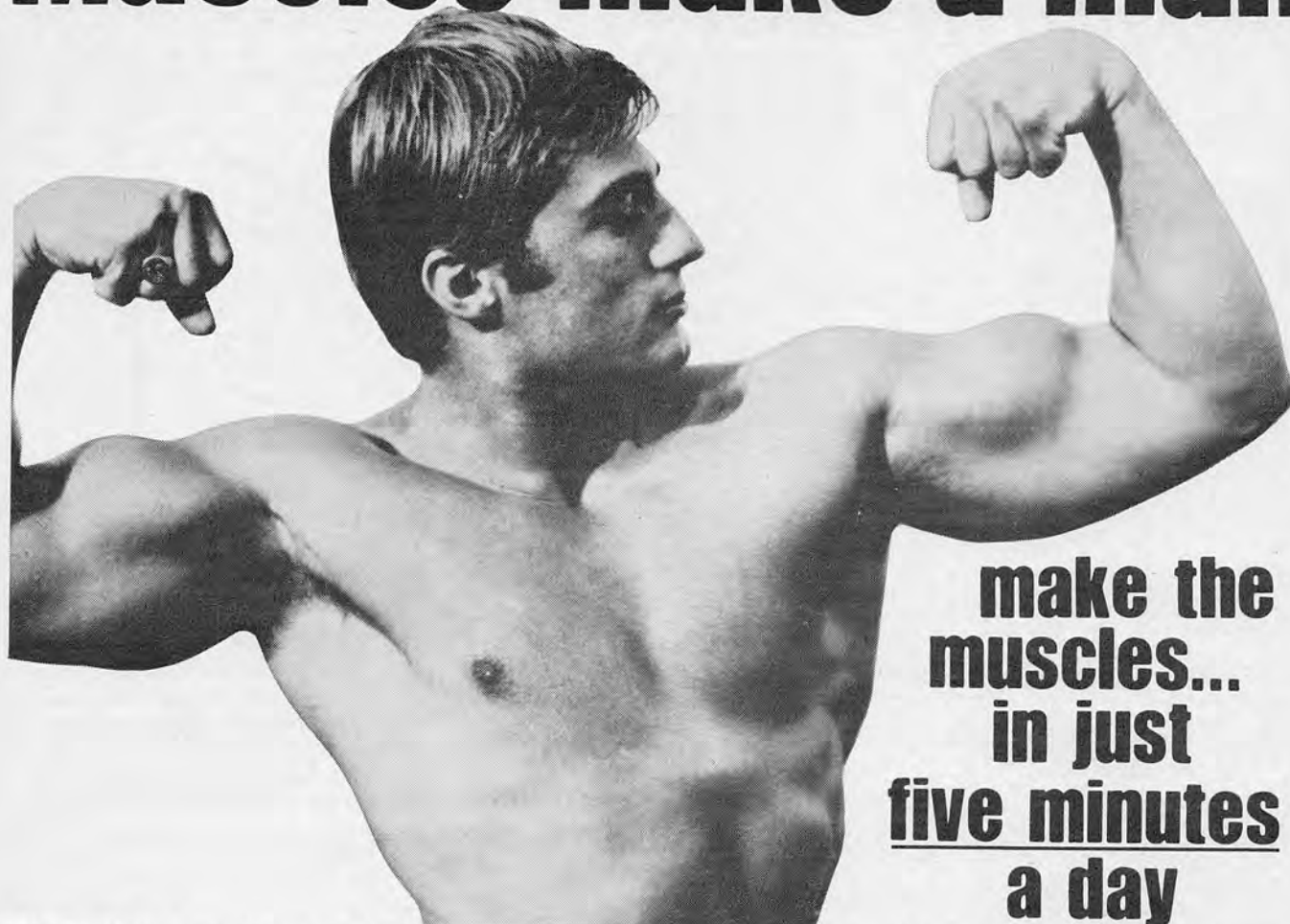
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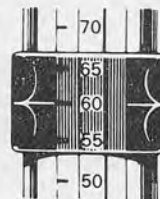
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## WHEN VIC HADFIELD GOT SERIOUS

(Continued from page 94)

18-year-old had grown up. Hockey was still the most important thing in his life, still the thing he talked most about, the thing he talked about in the quiet moments, the moments away from the ice, but it wasn't the *only* thing anymore. He has his family now, a wife, three young children, and he likes to show you their pictures. He and his wife like to go to the Broadway theater whenever they can. He likes clothes, new hip styles, and he likes knowing the people who know where you can get a good buy on those fashionable long-point shirts. From the modishly long hair to the modishly suppressed waist on his jacket, he is very much the assured, successful young man. The young man with options.

Hockey is still important, sports are still dominant, but not completely.

He is a golf pro, and is part-owner of a golf course, and there is a deal with Spalding for a distributorship. He understands now that hockey needs him as much as he needs it. "I don't know how close I was to quitting, but I knew what I was worth and I was going to get it or I wasn't going to play."

Finally, they all signed. And then there were other rumors. "I had heard them, too. I was the most expendable of the holdouts and the Rangers were going to unload me. I didn't think they'd let me quit. They'd have to trade me or something if they didn't want me around."

Coach Francis says no, no way, the idea never crossed his mind. "There was no way we'd ever trade him, not because of a problem in negotiations. You respect a guy who's tough, even in negotiations. You don't hold it against him."

Francis didn't. At the beginning of last season, Hadfield was named captain, and a captain in hockey is not just the guy who gives the referees the lineup and then fades away. "I see the job," Hadfield says, "as sort of a mediator, a guy who brings everybody else together. I'm sorta the guy who's halfway between the players and the management."

The captain is, in essence, management, a member of the establishment, a "serious person." Which is not to say that Hadfield is a *completely* serious person now. "I don't think I've changed at all. I think I fool around now as much as anybody. I think I pull as many practical jokes now."

After all, he *did* sew the captain's "C" to his underwear during training camp. In camp he did telephone rookie Andre Dupont: "Hello, Mr. Dupont? This is the local television station and we'd like to interview you tomorrow morning at 7:30 at the rink. Please be sure to wear a tie and jacket. Uh, make that 6:30."

And yet, there is something different, even if Hadfield himself denies it. That difference in attitude became obvious in the playoffs. The Rangers were in the final round for the first time in 22 years. As captain, as the player with the most seniority, Hadfield became the spokesman, the player to whom the media gravitated. But there were no jokes, no little asides, no sarcastic quips about the Bruins. "We'll just try to do our best, that's all," he kept saying. When he found out that he had been quoted out of context in the Boston papers about how "the Rangers are unbeatable," he was upset. Winning the Cup, "this means more," he kept saying, "than scoring 50 goals. I don't care about that at all." Whether the statement was true or not, it was an act of diplomacy.

On the buses, in the planes, rather than move to back to fool around, the captain goes to the second row and quietly sits behind the coach, reading. Instead of going his own way, playing his own jokes, he is the emissary who takes rookie Gene Carr in hand, makes him feel comfortable, at home. After Carr's long hair is forcibly cut in a rookie-induction ritual, Hadfield makes peace. "Oh," he says, "that was nothing. It wasn't bad at all. Gene took it good, I just tried to help out a little."

"Like I said," Rod Gilbert was adding, "with Vic it's a lot of reasons. You know, the other years, he'd really go well and then he'd slow down. He seemed satisfied with 20 goals or 25. Maybe being captain just pushed him a little farther. And you know, maybe it's that Vic just realized that, hell, he doesn't have that much more time to go and he just better put it all together and get serious. *Now*."

Vic Hadfield, husband, father, left wing, New York Rangers, 31 years old, 50-goal man, is saying, seriously, that "all those reasons are as good as any because I really don't know the reason."

At least I *think* that was Vic Hadfield talking. ■



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# TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS!

## CRIME IN SPORTS

The astonishing fact about the recent hearings conducted by the House Select Committee on Crime is that they created so few ripples in the sports world. Why? Have we grown so cynical that it bores us to hear news about fixed horse races, about a National Football League owner allegedly consorting with leading crime figures, about another NFL owner who is in trouble about racehorses he owns? Have we reached this state of indifference when it comes to crime in sports? If we have then we are in much trouble.

It is possible that the nature of these Congressional hearings promoted apathy. The House Committee didn't seem to have worked very hard to come up with fresh revelations. Except for "Bobby Byrne's" testimony about fixing "hundreds" of races by drugging horses, most of the Committee's findings had already been public knowledge. The truth is the Crime Committee used a divining rod; it should have used a steam shovel.

Still, daily newspapers could have covered the hearings more closely, and columnists might have written of the implications of the hearings. Those implications are obvious: Sports in America is infested with crime. No matter the denials of sports leaders, sports gambling is big business in this country. It is estimated that a total of \$50 million a year is wagered illegally on sports events. And betting on baseball, football and basketball accounts for 85 percent of the revenue. What happens to much of the money? It goes to finance other criminal enterprises such as loansharking and drugs. Furthermore, enough evidence has accumulated over the years to indicate that this kind of gambling has inspired crimes to be committed in sports—fixed horse and harness races, fixed boxing matches, point-shaving in basketball and football. And yet we sit back complacently as if no problem existed. The problem does exist. The complacency will vanish the day a massive scandal erupts in one of the major sports, as happened in college basketball in 1951. And then it will be too late to save the sport. It is not yet too late, if we are willing to face up to the problem.

The recent Congressional inquiry is one small acknowledgement that the

problem exists. But more must be done. One thing that could be done immediately is the serious consideration of legalizing all sports gambling in the country.

There is much to be said for legalized gambling, and much to be said against it. Legalized gambling's most fervent proponent in the United States is Howard Samuels, who runs the successful Off-Track Betting Corporation in New York City. Samuels suggests that the only way to put organized crime out of the gambling business is to compete with it by making gambling legal. Other authorities feel that legalized gambling is wrong. Says New York district attorney William Cahn: "Everything must be done to prevent the corrupting influence of crime to destroy sports. Legalizing the most corruptive of all influences is not the answer."

Who is right, Samuels or Cahn? We don't know, but we would like to find out more about legalized gambling and whether it would indeed reduce crime in sports. And the best way to do it, we think, is to create that blue-ribbon panel we talked about on this page in our December 1971 issue, a blue-ribbon panel that would eventually lead to the creation of a Federal Sports Commission.

At that time we advocated the immediate appointing of such a panel by the President of the United States to look into the *possibility* of creating a Federal Sports Commission. Now we believe it is vital to have such a commission. It is vital not only because of the way it could function to help settle labor and other major disputes in sports, as we said then, but it is vital, we now feel, to help stem crime in sports. A Federal Sports Commission with sufficient powers, could accomplish just that.

Since our editorial, Senator Marlow Cook of Kentucky has introduced a bill that would set up just such a Federal Sports Commission. We have read the bill. We feel it is praiseworthy in many areas, deficient in others. We still think the proper first step would be for President Nixon to appoint a panel of distinguished citizens, with the idea of moving towards a Federal Sports Commission. A first step, maybe, but, we think it would be a mighty step towards the eventual erasing of crime in sports.



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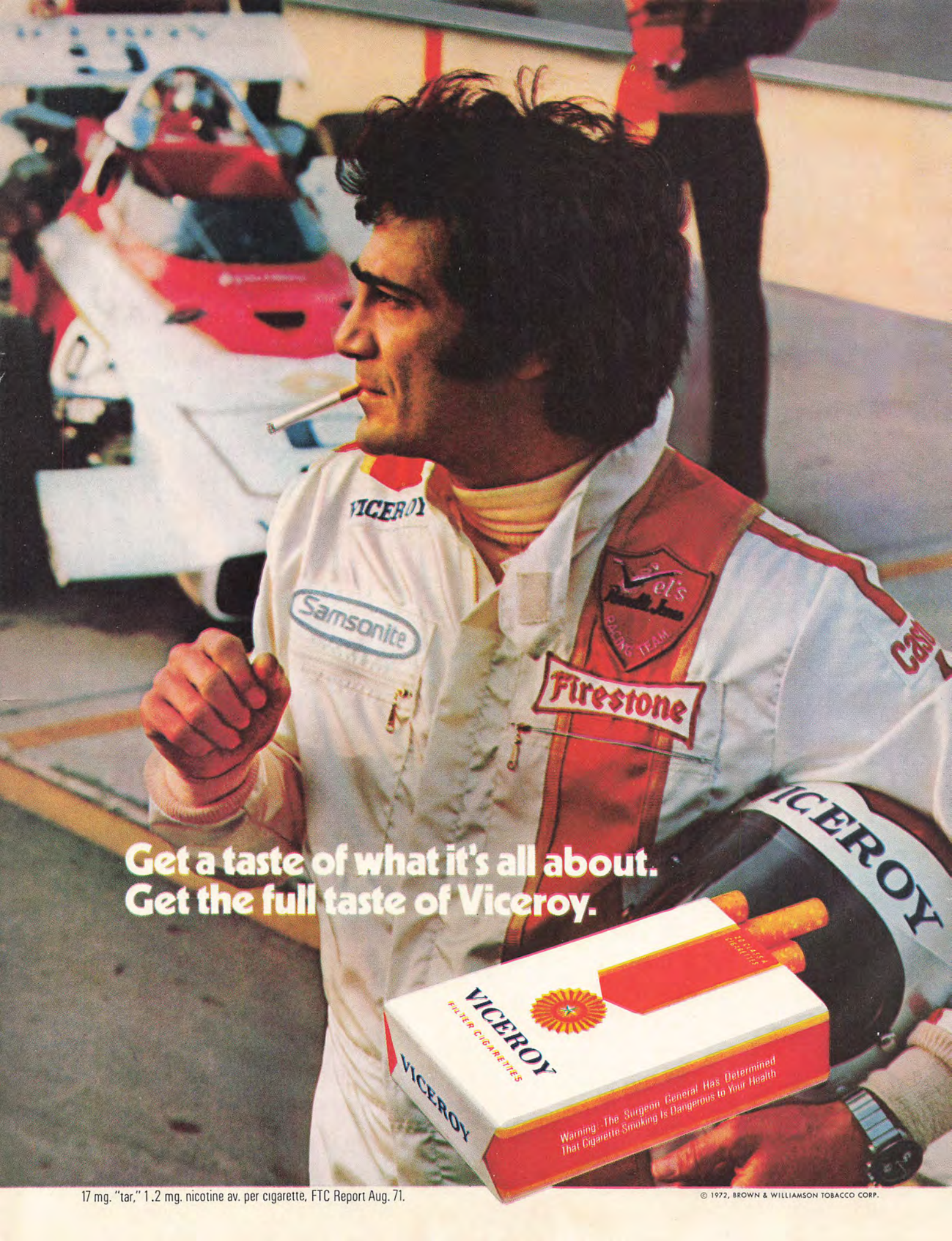
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